ANTHOLOGY OF MAGAZINE VERSE

FOR 1919

BY

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

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ANTHOLOGY
OF
MAGAZINE VERSE
FOR 1919

BOOKS BY MR. BRAITHWAITE

VERSE

The Five Wisdoms of Grainne, A Book of Poems. (Spring, 1920.)
The House of Falling Leaves. (Out of Print.)
Lyrics of Life and Love. (Out of Print.)

PROSE

Going Over Tindal, A Novel. (Spring, 1920.)
The Story of the Great War
Our Essayists of To-Day
The Poetic Year for 1916, A Critical Anthology

ANTHOLOGIES

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1919 and Yearbook of American Poetry
Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1918 and Yearbook of American Poetry
Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1917 and Yearbook of American Poetry
Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1916 and Yearbook of American Poetry
Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1915 and Yearbook of American Poetry
Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1914 and Yearbook of American Poetry
Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1913 and Yearbook of American Poetry
The Book of Modern British Verse
The Golden Treasury of Magazine Verse
The Book of Elizabethan Verse
The Book of Restoration Verse
The Book of Georgian Verse

ANTHOLOGY
OF
MAGAZINE VERSE
FOR 1919

AND YEAR BOOK OF AMERICAN POETRY

EDITED BY
WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

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TO
MY FRIEND
CARL H. LITZELMANN
THE IDEAL BOOKMAN
TO WHOM
I OWE A GREAT POSSESSION

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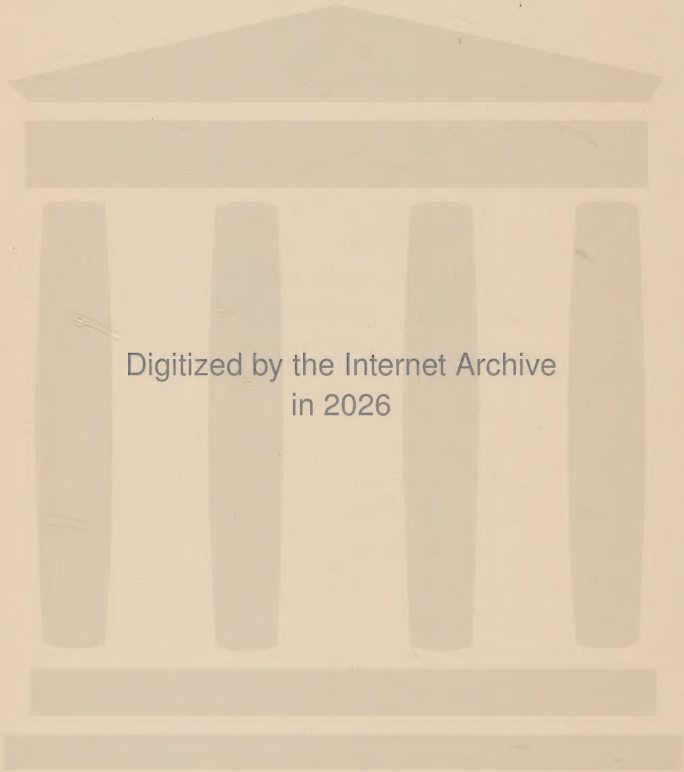
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INTRODUCTION

The end of the first year of Peace — as we call it — following nearly five years of terrible warfare, is more fittingly a time for reflection than critical comment.

When the roar of guns died into final silence on the major battlefields of Europe and Asia, there came into being the deeper and broader sounds of the hostilities of the human soul; the score or more of little wars that went on throughout Europe and Asia for months after the Armistice was signed in France was lost in the great turmoil of social and economic conflict. All the great nations that were engaged in the World War were thrown into ferment by either the victory or defeat each had achieved. The victors were as dissatisfied with what they found at home as the vanquished. The war had been a great leveller of the national fabric everywhere. The result had been that the people after fighting *for* their governments *against* other governments, began a warfare against their own governments. Riots and strikes have been the manifestation of this conflict. Something went wrong, very wrong, after all the sacrifice that had been made to prosecute a war "for democracy."

What the war had done the Peace Conference has undone. The men in the trenches had laid with their flesh and blood a road to Utopia but the officials refused to follow in its direction, and instead blocked it up and took the other way. That silly notion that existed and was fostered that the men who fought would determine the character of the nation has vanished. They had a glimpse of justice and brotherhood but their own cities smothered the vision in their eyes. The cities told them to take a commonsense view of things while so much unrest was in the world. And the commonsense point of view was not to disturb the old order. But the old order was passing, which the officials would not believe, and the new that was coming to birth was in travail. Governments have got to be just or governments will fall — is the last warning of democracy. At the heart of reconstruction is that insistent note.

Will the American poet find his place in the new scheme of things? He did not find his place in the war, say what one may for his exclamations about liberty and democracy. There have been a few timid intimations that he will. The timidities will vanquish when he takes a firmer hold upon his leadership. And one can be convinced, by ample evidence, that the public *really* supports him as an advocate. The spiritual advocate of national aspirations. And if need be, as in other times, the militant crusader of their hopes. D'Annunzio is an illustrious example, true to the Italian tradition, of a poet's act symbolizing a people's will.

There is a poem in this volume that demands careful attention and study. It is a pointed light of vision in the dark places of our existence. I refer to Edwin Arlington Robinson's "The Valley of the Shadow." The piece is surgery. But the poet knows the anatomy of human character and experience. The passion there is to heal, strengthen and restore. I mention this poem, merely, as a recognition — of the glance ahead.

Otherwise I shall let this year's issue of the "Anthology" speak for itself. It will be both praised and blamed as a matter of course — and none stoppeth the water running under the bridge!

W. S. B.

Arlington Heights,
Massachusetts.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To the American poets and to the editors and proprietors of the magazines from which I have selected the poems included in the *Anthology,* I wish to express my obligation for the courteous permissions given to make use of copyright material in the preparation of this volume.

I wish, also, to thank the Boston Transcript Company for permission to use material which appeared in my annual review of American poetry in the columns of *The Evening Transcript.*

To the following publishers I am indebted for the privilege of using the poems named from the volumes in which they have been included, and which have been published before the appearance of this *Anthology:*

The Macmillan Company: "The Return," "The Lost Singer," and "The Girl," in *The New Day,* by Scudder Middleton; "The Flute," in *Pictures of a Floating World,* by Amy Lowell; "Words" and "Winter Poetry," in *Poems of Gladys Cromwell.*

Henry Holt and Company: "The Granite Mountain" and "Beat Against Me No Longer," in *Many Many Moons,* by Lew Sarett.

E. P. Dutton and Company: "The Return"

and "I Pass a Lighted Window," in *The Earth Turns South*, by Clement Wood.

George H. Doran Company: "Violin Music" and "An Autumn Walk with Deborah," in *Candles that Burn*, by Aline Kilmer; "Rouge Bouquet," in the *Collected Poems of Joyce Kilmer*.

B. W. Huebsch: "The Everlasting Return," in *The Ghetto and Other Poems*, by Lola Ridge; "Ma," in *A Family Album and Other Poems*, by Alter Brody.

Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.: "Laurel," "Coins," "An End," "Autumn," and "Dream," in *The Beloved Stranger*, by Witter Bynner.

Charles Scribner's Sons: "To Italy, 1918," in *Service and Sacrifice*, by Corinne Roosevelt Robinson.

The Stratford Publishing Company: "John Masefield," in *Song Flame*, by Amy Bridgman.

The Britton Publishing Company: "For Poets Slain in War," in *Pierrot Wounded and Other Poems*, by Walter Adolphe Roberts.

Small, Maynard and Company: "What Grew in Joan's Garden," in *Victory! Celebrated by Thirty-Eight American Poets.*

THE RETURN

Just as a mother long ago
Held her sweet child at last, so we
Hold Life again within our arms
And lean to kiss him tenderly.

Life has come back into our hearts.
To us who bound the brow of Death
With too much laurel and who praised
Too much the going out of breath —
He has come back!

O we shall hold him safely now,
Poor hungry child upon whose head
Was laid the whip, to whom war gave
The bullet and the sword for bread.

He has come back!
Now shall we keep him in our hearts
And heal him by the music there.
We shall give War the truthful name
And snatch the roses from his hair.

We shall make songs and cities now,
Chart skies and tame the eastern fire,
And build an earthly Paradise
For him by engines of desire.

The Nation *Scudder Middleton*

WHAT GREW IN JOAN'S GARDEN

What grew in Joan's garden?
(Gather up your swords and come!)
What grew in Joan's garden?
(Calls the clarion; sounds the drum.)

Daisies, pansies, Flemish lilies,
(Warriors, rise ye — row on row!)
Red-hearts, stars, and daffodillies.
(High the dark waves ebb and flow.)

Safely trellised, green shoots nestle
(Shout, O Voices, in her ear!)
Farther, higher, strong boughs wrestle,
(On, O on, the day is here!)

What grew in Joan's garden,
In the dawn-sky do ye see?
What grew in Joan's garden?
— God, and France, and Victory!

The Boston Transcript *Annette Wynne*

THE FLUTE

"Stop! What are you doing?"
"Playing on an old flute."
"That's Heine's flute. You must n't touch it."
"Why not, if I make it sound?"
"I don't know why not, but you must n't."
"I don't believe I can — much. It 's full of dust. Still, listen:"

The rose moon whitens the lifting leaves.
Heigh-ho! the nightingale sings!
Through boughs and branches the moon-thread weaves.
Ancient as time are these midnight things.

The nightingale's notes over-bubble the night.
Heigh-ho! yet the night is so big!
He stands on his nest in a wafer of light
And the nest was once a philosopher's wig.

Moon-sharp needles and dew on the grass.
  Heigh-ho! it flickers, the breeze!
Kings, philosophers, periwigs pass.
  Nightingales hatch their eggs in the trees.

Wigs and pigs and kings and courts,
  Heigh-ho! rain on the flower!
The old moon thinks her white, bright thoughts,
  And trundles away before the shower.

"Well, you got it to play."
"Yes, a little. And it has lovely silver mountings."

The Century Magazine *Amy Lowell*

EARTH

I

Earth, let me speak to you,
Earth, let me listen to you;
Patient, brooding, melancholy;
Earth of many harvests.

Earth, let me rest upon you,
Earth, let me sleep upon you,
Deep, dark-bosomed mother,
Shaper of my life.

Mother of the grass
That grows and is mown in a season,
Mother of the tree
That abides for a hundred years in strength;

Mother of the man
Whose years fall swiftly as the grass,

Whose spirit stands yet as a tree
Unshattered by the gales;

Womb out of which I emerged,
Grave into which I must enter,
Hear me, mother of my song;
Give reply.

In the splendor of the morning
Hear my question:
"Why are not men made as Gods
That they may know the beauty of the earth?"

In the weariness of evening
Answer low:
"I am the ultimate mistress,
I open wide my arms that all may come."

II

Earth of bright harvest fields,
Rich, firm-breasted, fertile, yielding
Golden grain and gleaming flowers,
Song-birds, butterflies;

Orchard-bearing earth,
Chastely beautiful in the spring;
After the dense, dull showers of summer,
Glowing in pride, mature;

Flaming with scarlet fruit,
Heavy, firm, and sweet to the taste;
Glowing with wild berries
Sharp and bitter;

You are the giver of all life,
Bountiful, fruitful, worn with years,

Offering your body up
Still to the casual sun;

You are the grave that awaits me,
The peace that is greater than life's peace,
The curtain of silence that falls
Upon the close of the play.

III

Earth of dark battlefields,
Red-soaked burnt earth, crumbling, barren,
Earth under which the armies burrowed
As into living tombs;

Earth that is slashed and rent;
Shell-gouged, trench-torn, bruised, and battered,
Earth that is desolate,
A stark and horrible shape.

Weedy, forsaken earth,
Stagnant with scummy, rotting pools,
Earth where nothing flourishes
But the rat, the hawk, the crow;

You are the grave of my hopes,
You are the sterile harlot
Kissing me with the fierce kisses of death
That eat my lips and eyes;

You are the mother of new life,
Torn with the pangs of a monstrous birth,
The unforgettable shame
Through which we men renew.

IV

Dust returns to the dust,
And spirit goes back into spirit;
Who speaks with the tongue of the earth,
Earth only can set him free.

Of me the winds shall speak
When they cry with half-human voices,
For me the rains shall complain
In their long fallings;

Through me the stars shall burn bright
Over desolate ruined cities;
Through me new cities shall rise,
Fair as the ones in my dreams.

My tears have dropped on the earth,
And the earth has received them.
My voice has called out to the earth,
Earth's silence will answer my speech.

My years turn to seaward now,
A river of sorrows, burdened, dark;
Fed by the clouds and tempests
Of other years.

I have buried my hopes in the earth,
As a man robbed of all but one treasure
Hides that away
In the hills;

I have looked far away to the future,
As a man who at sunset peers
Into the cloudy, smouldering west
Finds the faint evening star.

THE PAGAN

But I shall feel the wind again,
  Shall drink the scent of flower and pine:
And I shall bask in April suns
  Where budding willow boughs are mine,
The stars will beat across the night,
  The waves will shout their tumult then;
And I shall answer in my joy,
  My joy at praising life again.

For I have lived with waving grass
  And roots and golden sap astir;
The earth has held me to her breast,
  And I shall laugh again with her.
I have loved clouds that drift and pass,
  My heart has flamed to eager bloom
In gold and crimson poppy leaves
  And rose perfume.

And I shall dance beneath the light
  Of silver crescent moons in spring,
And I shall sleep upon the leaves
  Of autumn's yellow mouldering.
For somewhere there will open wide
  A little magic, outer door,
And I shall pass beyond to find
  The loveliness I knew before.

The Nation — *Rose Henderson*

A NOTE FROM THE PIPES

Pan, blow your pipes and I will be
Your fern, your pool, your dream, your tree!

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I heard you play, caught your swift eye,
"A pretty melody!" called I,
"Hail, Pan!"— and sought to pass you by.

Now blow your pipes and I will sing
To your sure lips' accompanying!
Wild god, who lifted me from earth,
Who taught me freedom, wisdom, mirth,
Immortalized my body's worth,

Blow, blow your pipes! And from afar
I'll come — I'll be your bird, your star,
Your wood, your nymph, your kiss, your rhyme,
And all your godlike summer-time!

The Nation *Leonora Speyer*

THE NATURALIST ON A JUNE SUNDAY

My old gardener leans on his hoe,
Tells me the way that green things grow;
"Goin' to church? Why, no.
All nature's church enough for me!"
Says he.

"Preachin' o' flower and choir o' bird,
An' the wind passin' the plate —
Sweetest service that ever *I* heard,
That's straight!
Eternal Rest?
What for, friend?
Gimme a swarm o' bees to tend,
A honey-makin', world without end,
That's what *I'd* like the best!
(Scoop 'em right up an' find the queen,
They'd not sting *me* — the bees ain't mean!)

" Heaven's all right!
But still I guess I'll kinder miss
The Lady Lunar moth at night
And the White Wanderer butterfly
Crawlin' out of its chrysalis!
I want my heaven human too,
'Twixt me an' you —
Why, I'd jus' love to see
A chipmunk hop up to the Lord
An' eat right out o' His dread Hand
Same as it does to me!
Eternity — eternity —
Don't it sound grand?
But say,
What's the matter with today?
Just step into the wood an' take a look!
Ain't that a page o' teachin' from the Holy Book?
' He that hath eyes to see
An' ears to hear '—
That's good enough for me!
I guess God's pretty near,
He'll understand, *I* know,
Why I ain't in no hurry to let June go!"

My old gardener turns to his hoe,
Helping the green things how to grow,
" The Misses can go to church for me!
Amen!" says he.

Contemporary Verse *Leonora Speyer*

WEEK-END SONNETS

I

Come out to our house any week-end in June,
When dandelions riot in the grass:
And drink the yellow floods of afternoon,
Poured from a sky of blue and quivering glass.
Go through the arbor where the ramblers mass
In crimson flame against white lattices:
Open the easy swinging gate, and pass
Beneath the birch, between the maple trees
With tops a-tremble in the southwest breeze:
Follow along the curving gravel walk
Up to the terrace top, where, as you please,
Tobacco, high adventure, casual talk,
And journey's end await, if you are one
Who would live much and quietly in the sun.

II

The easy swinging gate you entered through
Has worn and rusty hinges; but they creak
A little song of welcoming to you,
Sung in the only language they can speak.
They know the gladdest day of all the week,
And count upon it, even as you and I.
Their Monday morning voice is but a squeak;
Somehow they can not learn to sing "Goodbye."
You may not think such knowingness can lie
In rusted hinges of an arbor gate;
But everywhere in earth and air and sky
Alluring undiscovered wonders wait,
And high adventure lurks; and splendor clings
In trivial and unsought-after things.

III

On Sunday morning you may go to church
In any way you please, or not at all.
There is a stately one beneath our birch,
A lowlier one out by the garden wall:
Methodist, Catholic, Episcopal,
Are all within an easy morning's stroll;
But if these venerable creeds appal,
A garden spade may benefit your soul;
Or some eternal verity unroll
As you spread paint upon the kitchen screens,
Or fix fresh cut nasturtiums in a bowl,
Or hold communion with the lima beans.
Or you may put your clean white flannels on
And meet it as you ramble through the lawn.

IV

But do not make a desperate search for God
Lest you offend his quiet dignity.
The week-end is no time to pant or plod
The rock-strewn roads of any Calvary.
It is a time to live in the sun, and see
Your favorite god by glimpses, everywhere.
I find him lurking quite persistently
In our young daughter's laugh, and in her hair;
And if the baby smiles, he lingers there:
But when the baby cries, he understands
And straightway slips without offense or care
Into my wife's brown eyes and her white hands;
And many a moonlit night in fall he comes
To dance among the red chrysanthemums.

Contemporary Verse *John French Wilson*

TO A TEXAS PRIMROSE

A flake of cloud was trembling cast
  Where April walked in dew;
Earth loved the alien, made it fast;
  It blushed, and then was you.

So light it seems you'd upward go,
  Then tender turn and cling
And like a maid 'tween nod and no
  Grow sweeter wavering.

Still in two worlds you hold a dower;
  The snowdrop of the air,
And rose of earth, here one in flower
  A double beauty dare.

But this thing lack you. (May it be
  You will not lack it long!)
You've no estate in poesy,
  No pedigree in song.

What lovers of the stern frontier
  Here halted, no less brave
For wondering how you'd glowing cheer
  An uncompanioned grave!

Heroes, but not of those who go
  To conquest pen in hand,
So left your loveliness to blow
  Unmeasured and unscanned.

Royal your robe from ancient time,
Ere rose and daffodil,
But must for want of broidered rhyme
  Kirtle a gypsy still.

So meekly shining, shyly gay,
  And so for music meet,

I wonder what would happen, say,
If I were Herrick, sweet.

Ah, he would smuggle you somehow
Into the Muses' hall,
And proud court flowers there should bow
To a new queen lineal.

With hint and smile he'd fix your sound
Unquestioned dynasty,
Sending the happy whisper round,
Beauty is pedigree.

And Grasmere's sage, if hereabout
He found your face at dawn,
Would silent sit the full day out,
And dark would come too soon.

Then mumbling home he'd take you too,
Imprisoned in a line,
And ne'er would you need sun or dew
Who there so fixed would shine.

O delicate barbarian,
I've no immortal art
To sing you as the laurelled can,
But travel in my heart,

And though my way be bare and brown
And many a mile we see,
I vow I will not set you down
This side of Castaly.

Scribner's Magazine *Olive Tilford Dargan*

PICTURES OF WOMEN

AN OLD WOMAN WITH FLOWERS

I like to see the eager-faced old woman
Walking at sunset down the city street.

Always she holds against her heart with fervor
Her sprays of meadow-sweet.

She passes daily, and I never see her
Without the flowers she gathers to her so.
I do not know how destiny softens, hardens
The ways her feet must go,

Nor what her eyes forever are beholding
Beyond the sordid walls and grimy towers,
Nor what against her agèd heart she presses,
Pressing the meadow flowers.

THE SLACKER

The snow is lying very deep.
My house is sheltered from the blast.
I hear each muffled step outside,
I hear each voice go past.

But I'll not venture in the drift
Out of this bright security,
Till enough footsteps come and go
To make a path for me.

THE BROKEN TIE

How the wind blew,
And the snow threw
Its ermine softness at my window-pane!
Now I am there again,
In the old house as once on a winter night.
About the rooms I stray,
A stranger, yet at home forevermore.
A creak of the floor —
Why, here comes Rosalie,
Here's Gordon tiptoeing to me,
Holding his candle high.
Children, children, I have come back — yes, I!

What has become of the house I have forsworn?
What other forms are they,
Bringing new garnishment to nook and hall?
I see them not at all,
As here I sit, a mother miles away,
And roam the rooms and roam the rooms till morn.

BARK-BOUND

In her home a woman I know
Is a bark-bound tree;
The flowers bloom at her feet,
But she does not see.

The knife has glittered by
To the forest to prune,
And left her deaf to the wind
And blind to the moon.

She must live on her sap
In her ease and dark,
Until she shrivels and dies
In her walls of bark.

Unless the glittering knife
Should return her way,
And set its steel to the dark
And let in day.

IN THE MORGUE

She who walked with flaming dress
And the gems of idleness,

She who counted in her troop
Young man Dream and old man Dupe,

Comes at last to lay her head
Here among the unclaimed dead.

She was weary as the sages
With the riddle of the ages,

Saying to midnight: "Whether or no,
Half the world is builded so;"

Saying to morn: "Come do your mocking!—
But there's money in my stocking!"

Now, with strong, insistent voice
Calling, urging to the choice,

More than gems or loves that were,
The stern sea has tempted her.

THE SWEEPER

Frail, wistful guardian of the broom,
The dwelling's drudge and stay,
Whom destiny gave a single task—
To keep the dust away!

Sweep off the floor and polish the chair.
It will not always last.
Some day, for all your arms can do,
The dust will hold you fast.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Agnes Lee*

THE LOST HEART

Is there a lost child crying in the night
And wandering through mists that never lift?
Nay, this is nothing, nothing: close your bright
Desirous eyes and into slumber drift.

It is not any child beneath dull skies
That cries and wanders in a place apart. . . .

This thing that troubles you and wakes your eyes
Is my heart lost and crying to your heart.

The Liberator *Herbert S. Gorman*

DAVID

David was a shepherd lad, beautiful as you,
Sang within a shadowed tent to sooth a king's unrest.
Oh, the bashful years in which he made the songs and hoarded them,
By the other shepherd lads all unguessed.

David's song is in a book, for stupid folk to bow before,
Folk who think it wisdom, which is only lovely song.
You are kin to him, you see beauty in a little moon,
In branches bent to lash you with each faint gray thong.

David, when he found his songs — did he use to practice them
For a little shepherd maid who marveled at each line?
When he left his humble task, and drew the king from weariness —
She who heard the songs first, was her pride like mine?

The Bellman *Mary Carolyn Davies*

WHIP-POOR-WILL

A moonlit mist the valley fills,
Though rides unseen herself the moon;

Behind me sleep majestic hills,
  Before me fragrant fields of June.

Such breathless silence fills the place
  I seem to hear the night moths pass;
Soft wings have touched my hands and face,
  And firefly lamps above the grass

Have lit a moment, clustered white,
  The mountain laurel buds that gleam
Against the velvet depth of night
  Like blooms of childhood seen in dream.

So lone am I, so far from men,
  My kinship with the earth I feel;
And mystic things beyond my ken
  Does sybil darkness slow reveal.

I enter through a moonlit door,
  Before me fragrant silence lies;
And out beynd our human shore,
  Where moaning billows fall and rise,

I pass toward headlands dim and far
  That girdle with white walls of foam
A land where things eternal are
  That seems the soul's remembered home.

Behind me fades the earth I knew,
  Beyond the world of sense am I;
From mountains of the soul I view
  The things I worshipped passing by:

Before me do they come and go
  Through rhythmic changes manifold
With refluence and resurgence slow
  By laws established from of old

But swift upon the silence falling
  There comes a strange, familiar cry;

Persistent, iterant the calling,
And evermore without reply.

In it are life's unquenched desire
And age-old requiems of pain
Upheavals of volcanic fire,
The loneliness of midnight rain

The silence breaks in waves of sound;
The throbbing heart of life I feel.
O ye who wingless walk the ground!
Two worlds there are: But which is real?

The Yale Review *Louis V. Ledoux*

THE QUEEN-BEE FLIES

High on the breeze flies the virgin-queen, queen of the hive!

Across the calm of skies and the cool of trees — she flies — she flies — swifter than all the others — and they follow, the passionate bees.

Over the green-gold stretch of wheat and rye, tangled and tied in the blue of vetch, over the riot of brown-gold brook and the quiet of brown-gold road — see the glint and gleam of her and the speckled cloud of drones in the cloudless sky as they chase and dream of her!

Hear the hot fierce song of the drones, the melody of their fevered wings — they stagger and fall, weaklings, despised —

They shall not know her, these crawling louts of the honey-comb!

For she has been fed on a flower-brewed wine, lore of the hive, store of the hive, she has been fed and bred a queen, she has piped to the bees in the dark of her cell and heard them answer, running, swaying, dancing, drumming, honey-drunk with the joy of her coming!

Straight as a tiny bird and as swift, flies the virgin-queen, queen of the hive, and after her all that are fleet of wing —

Only they that are fleet of wing.

Only the strongest of all shall wed her,
Whirl with her,
Swirl with her,
High in the air,
Mate with her,
Mix with her,
Clasp and cling,
Fly with her,
Die of her,
There on the wing!

And out of the sky she slips like a falling star — for the flight is over — out of the sky drop the drones —

Out of summer she slips into summer again, briar-rose, daisy and blue-eyed grasses, honey-sweet cluster of pink-sweet clover — the flight is over, the queen-bee passes!

Back to the hive now, bride and widow and queen, mother of all the hive to be — and the drones follow after, reverently — the drones follow after, all save one.

There is a murmuring in the comb, a sound of singing in the honey-comb: the workers welcome their quickened queen:

There is a roaring in the comb, a sound of shrilling in the honey-comb: the workers sting to death the useless drones.

For she will give to the hive its race, worker and drone as she will — lover of honey or lover of queen — she, the mother of all the hive.

But never again the flight! The mad, gay flight through the heart of June — never again — never again —

The queen-bee flies but once.

Does she remember that whirling hour of sun and green and love and death? Does she remember the song of the drones, the song of the swiftest drone of all, who dared to fly with her, dared to conquer her —

Dared to die of the pang supreme?

After the flight, the long, long night of the hive. The queen-bee gives to the hive its race, worker and drone as she will, she seeks new hives as the old hives fill — four summers, five summers perhaps — and then,

She knows the final flight of all.

La reine est morte! Vive la reine!

Vive la reine — high on the breeze flies the virgin-queen, the gold-winged queen — she flies — she flies

— swifter than all the others — and they follow, the passionate bees.

Autumn stands in her wide, warm meadows, russet grasses and bursting thistle, fern and aster and golden-rod — where still a thousand, thousand bees buzz at the cup of summer's lees.

Carmelites of June! Build high those patient, waxen temples — they shall endure! Fill them with the honey-souls of flowers, like sweet saints in their niches — fill them with the golden dew of summer — with a rapturous worship in the fragrant dusk of your celibate-cells —

With your low, slow song, praising — praising — eternity-long!

The Lyric *Leonora Speyer*

THE CONGREGATION

The ghosts of night's long hours depart
In congregation dreary,
And leave my sorrow-trampled heart
Intolerably weary.

But chirpings bright in dewy wood
Foretell divine tomorrows,
And little birds are very good
To dissipate great sorrows.

The Bellman *Gamaliel Bradford*

TREES

The Catalpa

Pink-sprinkled summer twilight
And soft brown velvet tones
Of a violin.

The Apple Tree

Dance, *ma petite cherie,*
Isn't it spring?
And spring doesn't last always,
Ma petite cherie.

Pines

The slow measure of the chanted war song . . .
The storm cloud, dull throbbing black against the sky . . .
The lover constant though unloved.

Poplars

Statuesque cold-eyed women
In smooth, caress-inviting green silk
En promenade.

The Oak

Yes, William Morris,
Here is your heart
In a tree,
Where you would have it.
Yes, it still lives;
Every oak is a memory of you.

Willows

Coquettes tinkle ukeleles
Fatuously,
Droopily,
The exertion tires them — poor dears!

The Ginkgo

Heavy Chinese sirup,
Lucent, cloying,
Drunk on a tiny blue table
To the tiny, lotus-scented tinkle
Of a temple bell.

The Blue Spruce

Faultlessly carven jade
Is no more faultless than you are,
Little tree.
But I love you,
Little tree,
In spite of your faultlessness.

Nelson Antrim Crawford

The Midland,
A Magazine of the Middle West

LA FOI

The branches of the trees are bending
Close above;
They have so sheltered us all day.
For we have wandered far
Since dawn,
Little Marcelle, Jean-Paul and I.
The flames were red and gold

That swept our grey roofed home;
They mingled with the sweetness
    Of the sky.
Our playhouse and our treasures
All were burned away.
And then we called our mother's name;
    Down blood strewn streets
And filled lanes
    We called to her,
Until we found that we had come
To a roadway, cool and green,
And with the children tugging at my hands
I knew I must go on.
They are so young, but I ——
I am just fifteen.
We have come safely
Through wood-paths of dim gold,
And where the frondes of fern unfurl
We gathered mists of flowers,
And by a shadowed silver pool
We rested for a while.
Little Marcelle laughed to see
Her white feet gleaming;
We found ripe berries for our food
And through the fragrant afternoon
I knew my mother would
    Come after us.
At twilight time we reached a road,
And far away from whence we came
I saw a black mass moving
    Against a violet sky
As though an army were advancing.
And the same fear that I had known
At dawn in my home town
    Came close to me.

But I looked up and saw one star —
And then I knew there was no fear.
So I have brought the children
To this wood,
And we shall sleep here
All the night;
Christ has so guided us all day;
Protecting trees and flowers are all around
The children lie each side of me;
I have unloosed my hair
And its gold gleaming covers them
And shines in the dim greenness;
My arms are flung each side of me
Upon the moss;
I see a far blue star
High through the tree tops —
It is the star told me
Christ is near.
We are all children —
Flowers and stars and trees —
It is so joyous to rest here
In the shimmering silence
Of the night.

The Lyric *Katharine Adams*

AUGUST MOONRISE

The sun was gone, and the moon was coming
Over the blue Connecticut hills;
The west was rosy, the east was flushed
And over my head the swallows rushed
This way and that, with changeful wills.
I heard them twitter and watched them dart

Now together and now apart
Like dark petals blown from a tree.
The maples stamped against the west
Were black and stately and full of rest,
And the hazy orange moon grew up
And slowly changed to melting gold,
While the hills were darkened, fold on fold,
To a deeper blue than a flower could hold.
Down the hill I went, and then
I forgot the ways of men,
For night-scents, heady and keen and cool
Wakened ecstasy in me
On the brink of a shining pool.

Oh, Beauty, out of many a cup
You have made me drunk and wild
Ever since I was a child,
But when have I been sure as now
That no bitterness can bend
And no sorrow wholly bow
One who loves you to the end?

And though I must give my breath
And my laughter all to death,
And my eyes through which joy came,
And my heart that was a flame;
If all must leave me and go back
Along a dim and fearful track
So that you can make anew,
Fusing in more splendid fire,
Something nearer your desire;
If my soul must go alone
Through a cold infinity,
Or even if it vanish, too,
Beauty, I have worshipped you.

Let this single hour atone
For the theft of all of me.

Scribner's Magazine *Sara Teasdale*

AUTUMN MOVEMENT

I cried over beautiful things, knowing no beautiful thing lasts.

The field of cornflower yellow is a scarf at the neck of the copper sunburned woman, the mother of the year, the taker of seeds.

The northwest wind comes and the yellow is torn full of holes, new beautiful things come in the first spit of snow on the northwest wind, and the old things go, not one lasts.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Carl Sandburg*

THE GRANITE MOUNTAIN

To Carl Sandburg

I know a mountain, lone it lies
Under wide blue Arctic skies.

Gray against the crimson rags
Of sunset loom its granite crags.

Gray granite are the peaks that sunder
The clouds, and gray the shadows under.

Down the weathered gullies flow
Waters from its crannied snow;

Tumbling cataracts that roar
Cannonading down the shore;

And rivulets that hurry after
With a sound of silver laughter.

Up its ramparts winds a trail
To a clover-meadowed vale,

High among the hills and woods
Locked in lonely solitudes.

Only wild feet can essay
The perils of that cragged way.

And here beneath the rugged shoulders
Of the granite cliffs and boulders,

In the valley of the sky
Where tranquil twilight shadows lie,

Hunted creatures in their flight
Find a refuge for the night.

Reedy's Mirror *Lew Sarett*

THE GIFTS OF PEACE

All day long the wind in the bending branches
Softly croons a chant for the silent sleepers,
Through the hours the birds in unceasing rapture
Echo the wind-song.

Tossing branches caught by the spars of sun-glow,
Framing bits of blue with their leafy meshes,
And upon the winds from the pine-tree's censer
Attars unloosened.

Far away the valley lies in a day-dream,
Warm and golden, swept by the clouds' swift shadows,
While the grasses like distant ocean billows
Drift in the sunshine.

Here is peace and loveliness ever mingled:
Organ music of winds and birds and branches,
And a brooding Presence that makes each moment
A benediction.

Harper's Magazine *Thomas S. Jones, Jr.*

NUN SNOW

A pantomime of beads

Earth Voice
Is she
thoughtless of life,
a lover of imminent death,
Nun Snow
touching her strings of white beads?
Is it her unseen hands
which urge the beads to tremble?
Does Nun Snow,
aware of the death she must die alone,
away from the nuns
of the green beads,
of the ochre and brown,

of the purple and black —
does she improvise
along those soundless strings
in the worldly hope
that the answering, friendly tune,
the faithful, folk-like miracle,
will shine in a moment or two?

Moon Voice
Or peradventure,
are the beads merely wayward,
on an evening so soft,
and One Wind
is so gentle a mesmerist
as he draws them and her with his hand?

Earth Voice
Was it Full Moon,
who contrives tales of this order,
and himself loves the heroine,
Nun Snow —

Wind Voice
Do you see his beads courting hers?
lascivious monk! —

Earth Voice
Was it Full Moon,
slyly innocent of guile,
propounder of sorrowless whimseys,
who breathed that suspicion?
Is it One Wind,
the wily, scholarly pedant —
is it he who retorts —

Wind Voice
Like olden allegros
in olden sonatas,
all tales have two themes,
she is beautiful
he is beautiful,
with the traditional movement,
their beads court each other,
revealing a cadence as fatally true
as the sum which follows a one-plus-one —
so, why inquire further?
Nay, inquire further,
deduce it your fashion!
Nun Snow,
as you say,
touches her strings of white beads,
Full Moon,
let you add,
his lute of yellow strings;
and, Our Night
is square, nay,
Our Night
is round, nay,
Our Night
is a blue balcony —
and therewith close your inquisition!

Earth Voice
Who urged the beads to tremble?
They're still now!
Fallen, or cast over me!
Nun, Moon and Wind are gone!
Are they betraying her? —

Moon Voice
Ask Our Night —

Earth Voice
Did the miracle appear? —

Moon Voice
Ask Our Night,
merely a child on a balcony,
letting down her hair and
black beads, a glissando —
ask her what she means,
dropping the curtain so soon!

Alfred Kreymborg
Others, A Magazine of the New Verse

THE RETURN

"Back to the earth," a voice whispers,
"Back to the bare bosom of the ground;
To the shaggy-haired pines, and the pungent carpet
beneath;
To the lisp of waves, chiding our forgetfulness;
To the whispered wind, and its roaring summons on
high peaks,
And the hurled lightning,
Arms spread, breast bared, to clasp it!"

A cultured onlooker counsels,
"But this is regression, retreat!
Rather plunge forward into the roar of modern life,
The whir of machinery, the red furnace gleam
On the glistening backs of half-naked toilers,
The unleashed passion of labor against capital,
With a fantasied and regulated Utopia
Gleaming at the end of the way
Like a Dore illustration

Of New Jerusalem!
This is the part of modern man."

Shall I refuse to look at the moon
Until it adopts an 8-hour day?
Shall I close myself from the sun's glow
Till it readjust its wasteful routine?
Shall I condemn the starry dipper as inartistic and unhygienic
When compared with individual drinking cups?
Shall I banish Sirius and the Milky Way
Until they have received the benignant civilized blessings
Of life today?

Back to the earth!
Back to the wind and the tempest's flame
And the wheeling stars.
Give them a wide gesture of greeting;
Let their high harmony flow into your stumbling soul;
Flame up to their unlegislated beauty.

Contemporary Verse *Clement Wood*

CRETONNE TROPICS

The cretonne in your willow chair
Shows, through a zone of rosy air,
A tree of parrots, agate-eyed,
With blue-green crests and plumes of pride
And beaks most formidably curved.
I hear the river, silver-nerved,
To their shrill protests make reply,
And the palm forest stir and sigh.

Curious, the spell that colors cast,
Binding the fancy cobweb-fast,
And you would smile if you could know
I like your cretonne parrots so!
But I have seen them sail toward night
Superbly homeward, the last light
Lifting them like a purple sea
Scorned and made use of arrogantly;
And I have heard them cry aloud
From out a tall palm's emerald cloud;
And I brought home a brilliant feather,
Lost like a flake of sunset weather.

Here in the north the sea is white
And mother-of-pearl in morning light,
Quite lovely, but there is a glare
That daunts me.
Now the willow chair
Suggests a more perplexing sea,
Till my heart aches with memory
And parrots dye the air around,
And I forget the pallid Sound.

Ainslee's Magazine *Grace Hazard Conkling*

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

Unyielding in the pride of his defiance,
Afloat with none to serve or to command,
Lord of himself at last, and all by Science,
He seeks the Vanished Land.

Alone, by the one light of his one thought,
He steers to find the shore from which we came —

Fearless of in what coil he may be caught
On seas that have no name.

Into the night he sails; and after night
There is dawning, though there be no sun.
Wherefore, with nothing but himself in sight,
Unsighted, he sails on.

At last there is a lifting of the cloud
Between the flood before him and the sky;
And then — though he may curse the Power aloud
That has no power to die —

He steers himself away from what is haunted
By the old ghost of what has been before —
Abandoning, as always, and undaunted,
One fog-walled island more.

The Nation *Edwin Arlington Robinson*

SHIPS IN HARBOR

I have not known a quieter thing than ships,
Nor any dreamers steeped in dream as these;
For all that they have known disastrous seas,
And winds that left their sails in flagging strips,
Nothing disturbs them now, no stormy grips
That once had hurt their sides, no crash or swell;
Nor can the fretful harbor quite dispel
The quiet that they learned on lonely trips.

They have no part in all the noisy noons;
They are become as dreams of ships that go
Back to the secret waters that they know,

Each as she will, to unforgot lagoons,
Where nothing moves except her ghostly spars
That mark the patient watches on the stars.

N. Y. Sun Books and Book World — *David Morton*

HELLENICA

I

I

Twilight hath veiled his eyes
In the blue silence,
Sophron,
Who dreams of the morning
And white tides.

II

Here, in the cloudy night,
Murmurs the wind of ocean,
Bearing tidings of ships
To a sailor home from the sea.

III

Bird-haunted silences
Are troubled with wings of memory,
But the swallow returns not
Unto the roof of Charis.

IV

Light shrouds his dream
In a silver urn,
While the dust that he forsook,
Bears once more
The flesh that one was longing.

V

High on the purple mountain
An eagle soars,
But below in the valley
Only the wind from the stars
Remembers the flame
Shrined immortal within this rustling hollow.

VI

Under the columned pine
A poet sleeps,
With the swinging arch of stars
Making music above him.

VII

Spring and the coming of swallows
Opened her bridal day,
But darker wings shadowed the door,
And her spouse now mourns in vain
By another bed,
Where reeds sway over her pillow.

VIII

Light fades from the sky,
And the blue Thessalian hills
Grieve for the glory departed
Of one who sailed at dawn for the morning star.

IX

Here, on the rain-washed hillside,
Where the light dies over the grasses,
Myrrha bears on her breast
The little child
Who led her home to the shadows.

x

Wind, sweep gently
Over the bent narcissi
Bowed with the sighs
Of a shepherd who flutes here lonely.

xi

When spring comes over the mountain
From southern valleys,
Mela stirs on her couch of woven violets,
For a low wind pulls at her heart
That grasses cover.

xii

Cicada, pulsing alone in the summer noontide,
Sing of wild-haunted glades
Of mossy coolness.
So shall my heart remember
The tangled light
Where I met Philemon dreaming.

Edward J. O'Brien

The Midland,
A Magazine of the Middle West

II

i

Aula, whose dreams were honey dripping softly,
Stirs in her slumber here,
For the sound of her lover pausing
Brings to her heart
The fragrance of star-haunted valleys.

II

Chara loosed her zone
In the woven sunlight,
And the grasses trembled for fear of her sacred fairness.
But breast to breast
She turned to her mother earth,
And now when the swallows flutter around her pillow
Only the wind
Remembers the flower of her bosom.

III

The song in her heart is mute,
But ancient music
Lingers stilled in the light of the patterned woodways.

IV

Green boughs stirring in slumber
Sigh at the lost remembrance
Of Aulon,
Golden-thighed, in the heart of the forest.

V

Here, where the dripping leaves
Whisper of passing feet
To the fragrant woodways,
The moonlight floods the forsaken tangled boughs
With loneliness
For Melinna, gone from the evening.

VI

Over the meadow-ways to the heart of Glaucon,
The honey-dreaming bees
Wing their murmurous flight,

For flame-tinged violets
Have woven over his bed
The fragrant dream that he guarded
Many summers.

VII

Here, on the windy hill,
The sunlight calls her,
But under the dreaming grass
Only the warm-stirred earth
Answers the golden summons.

VIII

Here by the rocky shore
Of grass-strewn Aulis,
White sheep crop the herbage of salt pastures.
Under this gentle mound of watered earth
Their shepherd dreams softly beside them.

IX

Stir not the grasses here,
O wandering zephyr,
For Phaon travelled far over alien foam
Before his footsteps turned in soft contentment
Home to the green threshold
He had forgotten.

X

Down the way to Acheron
In the twilight,
Flutes blow softly
Bearing the memory
Of Myrtis, lonely-breasted,
Who wanders through the shades on her wedding day.

XI

High on the rhododendron-crested summits
Conon followed the stars
To their home in the east.
Now the south wind over the storm-bowed valley
Sings of the centaur who passed
Through the gates of the morning.

XII

Under an olive tree by the banks of Ilyssus
Nossis lies, who loved her husband dearly,
Waiting his gentle coming with her children.

The Liberator *Edward J. O'Brien*

SONG OF A SPENDTHRIFT

I had a thousand dollars — a sudden rain of pelf.
I said, " I'll buy me now a shining treasure for myself."
And so I went outside and bought a whole long day of joy,
A thousand dollars' worth of something nothing can destroy.
I go about my living now, a slave for food and bed,
But I'd rather have that day of joy than a year of idle bread.
I'd rather have that day of joy, with its singing in my ears,
Than book and bank and emptiness to carry down the years.

Live Stories *Annette Wynne*

VIOLIN SONG

The thing that I am seeking
I know I shall not find;
A wistful voice is crying
This sorrow in my mind.
I know I shall not find it
However far I go,
But I shall always seek it —
My heart has told me so.

Though I must always wander
I do not find it sweet;
There is no journey's ending
To draw my restless feet.
There is no distant vision
To help me on my way;
I know my quest is hopeless
And yet I may not stay.

The thing that I am seeking
Should not be far to seek.
I hear this haunting echo
Through every word I speak.
So I shall always seek it
Down all the roads I go,
But I shall never find it —
My heart has told me so.

N. Y. Sun Books and Book World — *Aline Kilmer*

Alone

I am alone, in spite of love,
  In spite of all I take and give —
In spite of your wild tenderness,
  Sometimes I am not glad to live.

I am alone, as though I stood
  On the highest peak of the tired gray world,
About me only swirling snow,
  Above me endless space unfurled;

With earth hidden and heaven hidden
  And only my own spirit's pride
To keep me from the peace of those
  Who are not lonely, having died.

Song-Making

My heart cried like a beaten child
  Ceaselessly all night long;
I had to take my own heart cries
  And thread them into a song.

One was a sob at black midnight
  And one when the first cock crew —
My heart cried like a beaten child,
  But no one ever knew.

Life, you have put me in your debt
  And I must serve you late and long —
But oh, the debt is terrible
  That must be paid in song.

Winter Dusk

I watch the great clear twilight
  Veiling the ice-bowed trees;
Their branches tinkle faintly
  With crystal melodies.

The larches bend their silver
  Over the hush of snow;
One star is lighted in the west,
  Two in the zenith glow.

For a moment I have forgotten
  Wars and women who mourn —
I think of the mother who bore me,
  And thank her that I was born.

Debtor

So long as my spirit still
  Is glad of breath
And lifts its plumes of pride
  In the dark face of death;
While I am curious still
  Of love and fame,
Keeping my pride too high
  For the years to tame;
How can I quarrel with fate
  Since I can see
I am a debtor to life,
  Not life to me?

The Yale Review — *Sara Teasdale*

RHETORIC

This is man's noblest edifice. All else
  Crumbles and rots. His loftiest stone is thrust
  Into the patient and ironic dust.
His iron ships, his scornful citadels
Are scattered by a whiff of fiery shells
  That mingle with them in a pool of rust.
  But words, mere words, invulnerable, august,
Become his statesmen and his sentinels.

He lets them do his fighting; sits and calls
  On them to keep the world from going free.
  They build him stubborn forts where he can be
Safe from his manhood, its demands and brawls;
  While Life, foiled by this soft security,
Beats futile hands on vague, invisible walls.

The New Republic — *Louis Untermeyer*

WORDS

Words are the stones I use in building,
My house will be strong without fillet or gilding;
I dig in the crypt of the centuries
Where the earth is rich in ebonies.
I burrow for words in the quarry of time;
In the heart of the ancient hills for rhyme.

There are veins of Beauty the sages have known;
Milton worked where the marble shone,
Our Lincoln found what he liked in the clay
Of the common fields where the stones are grey.
So every spirit must find a way
And delve for the treasure that seems its own.

But you! What are words, what are words to you!
Not stone nor metal precious and true,
Nor blocks to serve in a hallowed shrine;
But seductive jewels cut subtle and fine,
Spangles you wear to glitter and shine;
I know the worth of your words to you!

The Nation *Gladys Cromwell*

WINTER POETRY

Lovers think that they alone possess
A sense of beauty. They ascribe all graces
To their love. Seeing earth's wintry places
Warmed and enchanted, they suppose and guess
Their own illusion makes the loveliness.
They dream, their flame illumines the dim spaces
Of the sky. They think the earth embraces
No charm but that their pleasure can express.
Yet we, who shun romance, find beauty near;
A stillness in the air when summer's gone;
On the fine winter stem hang subtle fruits;
We like to see the slender willow spear,
We like red weeds and branches blackly drawn
And the white snow embroidered with brown roots.

The Nation *Gladys Cromwell*

THE LOST SINGER

In the olive Orient,
Up and down Jerusalem streets
He sang his poems.

She who lived in Magdala,
Fishermen of Galilee,
Blind and poor from Jericho,
Lepers out of Bethany,
Children, scholars, thieves —
What a motley crew
Loved the singing Jew!

Now the bayonet is there,
And the gun —
Maybe on the very corner where they met.
And the sun
Looks down upon the smoke.
Saladin is in the dust,
Richard camps on Olivet.

Where are halo, thorn, and staff,
That cloak like Himalayan snow?

The Dial *Scudder Middleton*

CHILD POEMS

I

Hills are so steep when they go down
They could not hold a little town,
Or even big ones if they tried;
For if the earth should slip, or stones,
The little towns would break their bones
And slide and slide and slide.

II

My mother wears a floating dress
That follows where she goes,

And when she gives me a caress
It crinkles like a rose.

The flowers bloom on it to stay.
They dance while mother talks;
They make me want to run and play
And follow where she walks.

III

The little duck is like a boat
Of yellow down when it's afloat.
It swims across the lake, serene,
To lovely shadows cool and green.

IV

I must not let them know that I
Flew far away and did not try
To come home through the door,
But tried to get in by the crack
That joins the sidehouse with the back
Beneath the nursery floor,
That when I opened wide my eyes
I looked around me in surprise
To be at home once more.

V.— MAKE-BELIEVE

If I climbed high in the garden tower
That's covered with roses as far as I can see,
It would be the same as a great pink flower
And I the same as a honey-bee.

Josephine Redmond Fishburn.
Youth, Poetry of Today

TO CHILDREN

INVITATION

Arvia, east of the morning,
  Before the daylight grayed,
I heard a night song's warning:
  " This bubble-world shall fade."

" The daytime with its fire-flower,"
  It sang, " shall fail and stray;
And Beauty, like a brier-flower,
  Shall pass — shall pass away."

Then soon the faint and far light
  Would fade beyond a beam
And we'd lie down without starlight
  And there would be no dream.

But now, when the noon is bluest,
  Like a shell that murmurs all,
I see this world is the truest
  Of any I recall.

The sky's wild birds are glancing,
  The sea's long waves are slow;
It's all a place for dancing
  But no one seems to know.

Come with me to the meadows,
  We'll dance your secret name
With an outside dance in shadows
  And an inside dance in flame.

The songs and the wings have slanted
  And blow with a golden sound;

Life burns like a peak enchanted,
  Oh wild, enchanted, crowned.

All day, while songs from the height fall,
  We'll dance the valleys bright,
But we'll be on the hills at nightfall
  In the lovely, lonely light.

Let's play we are a tune
And make a kind of song
About the sun and moon
Before the stars were born.
You be the breath, I'll be the horn,
It will not take us long.

JEAN SINGING

Lavender's blue in the garden,
  Lavender's bright.
When I am blind, my Beloved,
  You shall have sight.

I shall be dust in the garden,
  Deep from the storm.
You shall be shining still then,
  You shall be warm.

When I am hidden in shadow
  Under the years,
Call to me, tell me of all things
  Here among tears.

I shall remember the glory
  Filling this place,
The firebird calling through the rainbow:
  "Lift up your face."

I shall remember how Beauty
  Over Death, over Birth,
Bridges a streaming music
  Here on the earth.

Only if wounds and the sorrow
  Made by men's hands
Still should outdeepen the waters,
  Darken the lands,

Even though day should recall me
  Then to its gleam,
I shall remember and turn me
  Back to my dream.

The New Republic *Ridgely Torrence*

REUBEN ROY

A little fellow, brown with wind —
  I saw him in the street
Peering at numbers on the posts,
  But most discreet:

For when a woman came outdoors,
  Or slyly peeped instead,
He turned away, took off his hat,
  And scratched his head.

I watched him from my garden-wall
  Perhaps an hour or more,
For something in his attitude,
  The clothes he wore,

Awoke the dimmest memories
  Of when I was a boy
And knew the story of a man
  Named Reuben Roy.

It seems that Reuben went to sea
  The night his wife decried
The fence he built before their house
  And up the side.

He wanted it but she did not,
  Because it hid from view
The spot in which her mignonette
  And tulips grew.

Nobody saw his face again,
  But each year, unawares,
He sent a sum for taxes due —
  And fence repairs.

My curiosity aroused,
  I sauntered forth to see
Whether this individual
  Were really he.

"Who are you looking for?" I asked.
  His eyes, like two bright pence,
Sparkled at mine; and then he said:
  "A fence."

"Somebody burned it Hallowe'en,
  When people were in bed;
Before the judge could prosecute,
  The culprit fled."

Well, Reuben only touched his hat
And mumbled, "Thank you, sir,"
And asked me whereabouts to find
A carpenter.

Harold Crawford Stearns
Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

TEN YEARS OLD

A city child, rooms are to him no mere
Places to live in. Each one has a clear
Color and character of its own. His toys
And tumbled books make the small bedroom seem
The place to build a practicable dream.
He likes the brilliant parlor, and enjoys
Nothing so much as bringing other boys
To romp among the delicate furniture,
And brush within an inch of ivories, lamps,
And other things not held by iron clamps,
Like Chinese vases, and hence, insecure.
His father's library, with its heavy tone,
Seldom detains him, for he has his own.
He views the kitchen with a hungry eye,
And loafs about it, picking up the stray
Details of gossip that may drop his way,
Standing so innocently inattentive. Sly
And with a squirrel's curiosity,
Careless of barred or sacred corners, he
Hunts back of shelves until he finds the key
With which to open bureau drawers and pry
Into forbidden desks and cupboards; through
Laces and letters, purses and a slue
Of things mysterious because taboo.

But most of all he likes the bathroom, where
The panel mirror shows his four feet two;
Where with a towel or bathrobe, he can strike
A hundred attitudes not only like
His printed heroes but the gods themselves.
Stripping himself, he dreams and dances there,
The pink embodiment of Peter Pan.
Or, changing to an older superman,
He turns to Siegfried brandishing his sword
Or Jason snatching at the golden fleece.
The figures crowd around him and increase.
Now he is David battling for the Lord.
Mixing his battle-cries with psalms of peace.
Now he is Mowgli, at the cobra's hoard
With black Bagheera. Swiftly he has drawn
Excalibur from its invisible sheath.
He is Ulysses on his native heath,
Tristram, Tom Sawyer and Bellerophon;
The shining Parsifal who knew no sin;
Sir Launcelot and Huckleberry Finn;
George Washington and Captain Hook and Thor;
Hansel awaking in the magic wood;
The King of Oz, John Silver, Robin Hood —
He is all these and half a hundred more.
He scowls and strides, he utters harsh commands;
Great armies follow him to new-born lands,
Battling for treasures lost or glories gone.
None can withstand the thunder of his frown;
His eye is terrible; the walls go down. . . .
Cries of the conquered mingle with the cheers.
While through the clash and battle-smoke he hears —

"Richard! Get through! And put your stockings on."

The Bellman — *Louis Untermeyer*

AN AUTUMN WALK WITH DEBORAH

Over the limp and yellow grasses,
  Deborah, will you walk with me?
You may gather gentians in purple masses
  And honeypods from the locust tree.

Brown leaves cover the partridge berry,
  Holding it safe for your questing hand.
Barberry bush and cornelian cherry
  Offering scarlet jewels stand.

I will dress you up as an elf-queen, twining
  Bittersweet wreaths for your golden head.
Your leaf-brown cloak with its orange lining
  I will hang with garlands yellow and red.

We must leave this place while the sunlight lingers
  Lest the elves should covet your beauty bright.
The gentians fall from your tired fingers
  As I carry you home in the fading light.

Pictorial Review — *Aline Kilmer*

VOICES

When you speak to me,
Your lips are bending prayer-maidens
Saluting their slender God, your voice.
My voice is but a creeping slave
Who rattles his little bracelets
In a tremor of unspoken love,
As he feels the God stooping a bit, to touch his head.

N. Y. Tribune — *Maxwell Bodenheim*

IN THE KEY OF BLUE

A FIELD OF FLAX

I have a field of flax, blue-blooming.
The fiber is tense and tough.
From it may God make blue garments
For the clear joy of Him,
For the grave glory of Him.

Like that blue there is no other —
Sturdy, caressing, unbearable perfect,
Not hiding,
Nor revealing,
Merely being.
It is not one blue,
But three:
One quite somber,
One quite glad,
One quite full of wistfulness.
Yet they agree in one.

You, Belovéd,
You are a field of flax, blue-blooming.
The fiber is tense and tough.
From it may God make blue garments
For the clear joy of Him,
For the grave glory of Him.

A VOICE

It is too dark to see
The hard, white, poplar-bordered road
Or the soft warm lake beyond one poplar row.
But your voice comes from the dark, and I see
A dull-blue woven thing,

Full of the smell of blue roses
Blown across a misty salt sea.

Nelson Antrim Crawford

The Midland,
A Magazine of the Middle West

FROM "THE BELOVED STRANGER"

I

LAUREL

I will not call you beautiful again
Though my throat ache with the silence of refraining;
And not a sigh will I explain
Though my hands fill with explaining. . . .

For you are as beautiful as a hill I know
In spring, breathing with light —
But as soon as I told you, a chill like snow
Covered and turned you white.

I will not call you beautiful again,
Your labyrinthine loveliness I will not name;
I will be silent as forgotten men
Dead beyond blame.

No matter how your airs of spring beguile,
Be it my fortitude, my business, my endeavor,
Not to acclaim the laurel of your smile —
Except today, tomorrow and forever!

II

COINS

I am a miser of my memories of you
And will not spend them.
When they were anticipations
I spent them
And bought you with them,
But now I have exchanged you for memories,
And I will only pour them from one hand into the other
And back again,
Listening to their
Clink,
Till someone comes
Worth using them
To buy . . .
Then I will change them again into anticipations.

AN END

As though it mattered,
As though anything mattered,—
Even laughter!

For in the end there shall be no one to tell
Whether it was laughter
Or weeping.

III

AUTUMN

Last year, and other years,
When autumn was a vision of old friendships,
Of friends gone many ways,

I stood alone upon a dais of coppered fern,
I breathed my height of isolation,
Encircled by a remembering countryside.
I touched dead fingers in a larch;
I sailed on long blue waves of land
Flowing transfixed the whole horizon round;
I wore old imperial robes
Of aster, sumac, golden rod;
I flaunted my banners of maple;
And, when the sun went down,
I lay full length
Upon a scarlet death-bed.

So kingly a thing was autumn,
Other years,
But here you stand beside me on this hill,
And shake your head and smile your smile
And twist these things lightly between your fingers
As a pinch of dust
And bare your throat
And show me only spring,
Spring, spring,
Fluttering like your slender side,
Cascading like your hair.

IV

DREAM

I had left dreaming,
Till there came the look of you
And I could not tell after that,
And the sound of you
And I could not tell,
And at last the touch of you

And I could tell then less than ever —
Though I shook and fell
Though I open the door and stare out
When the dream of your voice draws near,
O my stranger!
As at the very mountain-brink
Of dream.

For how could the motion of a shadow in a field
Be a person?
Or the flash of an oriole-wing
Be a smile?
Or the turn of a leaf on a stream
Be a hand?
Or a bright breath of sun
Be lips?

I can put out my hand and nothing is there. . . .
None of these things are true,
All of them are dreams;
There are neither streams
Nor leaves, nor orioles, nor you.

Reedy's Mirror — *Witter Bynner*

BEAT AGAINST ME NO LONGER

A Chippewa Love Song

Ai-yee! my Yellow-Bird-Woman,
My né-ne — moosh, ai-yee! my Loved-One,
Be not afraid of my eyes!
Beat against me no longer;
Come! Come with a yielding of limbs.

Ai-yee! woman, woman,
Trembling there in the teepee
Like the doe in the season of rutting,
Why foolishly fearest thou me?
Beat against me no longer!
Be not afraid of my eyes!
Cast the strange doubts from thy bosom!
Be not as the flat-breasted squaw-sich
Who feels the first womanly yearnings
And hides, by the law of our people,
Alone three sleeps in the forest;
Be not as that brooding young maiden
Who wanders forlorn in the cedars,
And slumbers with troubled dreams,
To awaken suddenly, fearing
The hot throbbing blood in her bosom,
The strange eager life in her limbs.
Ai-yee! foolish one, woman,
Cast the strange fears from thy heart!
Wash the red shame from thy face!
Be not afraid of my glances!

Be as the young silver birch
In the Moon-of-the-Green-Growing-Grasses —
Who sings with the thrill of the sap
As it leaps to the south wind's caresses;
Who yields her rain-swollen buds
To the kiss of the sun with glad dancing.
Be as the cool tranquil moon
Who flings off her silver-blue blanket
To bare her white breast to the pine;
Who walks through the many-eyed night
In her gleaming white nudeness
With proud eyes that will not look down.
Be as the sun in her glory,
Who dances across the blue day,

And flings her red soul, fierce-burning,
Into the arms of the twilight.
Ai-yee! foolish one, woman,
Be as the sun and the moon!
Cast the strange doubts from thy bosom!
Wash the red shame from thy face!
Thou art a woman, a woman!
Beat against me no longer!
Be not afraid of my eyes!

Lew Sarett

Others, A Magazine of the New Verse

SHE IS OVERHEARD SINGING

Oh, Prue she has a patient man,
And Joan a gentle lover,
And Agatha's Arth' is a hug-the-hearth —
But my true love's a rover!

Mig her man's as good as cheese
And honest as a briar;
Sue tells her love what he's thinking of —
But's my dear lad's a liar!

Oh, Sue and Prue and Agatha
Are thick with Mig and Joan —
They bite their threads and shake their heads,
And gnaw my name like a bone!

And Prue says, "Mine's a patient man,
As never snaps me up;"
And Agatha, "Arth' is a hug-the-hearth,
Could live content in a cup;"

Sue's man's mind is like good jell —
  All one color, and clear;
And Mig's no call to think at all
  What's to come next year;

While Joan makes boast of a gentle lad,
  That's troubled with that and this.
But they all would give the life they live
  For a look from the man I kiss!

Cold he slants his eyes about,
  And few enough's his choice —
Though he'd slip me clean for a nun or a queen,
  Or a beggar with knots in her voice.

And Agatha will turn awake
  When her good man sleeps sound,
And Mig and Sue and Joan and Prue
  Will hear the clock strike round.

For Prue she has a patient man
  As asks not when or why;
And Mig and Sue have naught to do
  But peep who's passing by;

Joan is paired with a putterer
  That bastes and tastes and salts;
And Agatha's Arth' is a hug-the-hearth —
  But my true love is false!

Edna St. Vincent Millay
Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

TO BE CLOSELY WRITTEN ON A SMALL PIECE OF PAPER WHICH FOLDED INTO A TIGHT LOZENGE WILL FIT ANY GIRL'S LOCKET

Lo the leaves
Upon the new autumn grass
Look at them well . . . !

THE SOUGHING WIND

Some leaves hang late, and some fall
Before the first frost goes
The tale of winter branches and old bones,

EPITAPH

An old willow with hollow branches
Slowly swayed his few high bright tendrils
And sang:

"Love is a young green willow
Shimmering at the bare wood's edge."

SPRING

O my grey hairs!
You are truly white as plum blossoms.

STROLLER

I have seen the hills blue,
I have seen them purple;
And it is hard to know
The words of a woman
As to straighten the crumpled branch
Of an old willow.

You say love is this, love is that:
Poplar tassels, willow tendrils
The wind and the rain comb,
Tinkle and drip, tinkle and drip —
Branches drifting apart. Hagh!
Love has not even visited this country.

William Carlos Williams
Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

THE GIRL

1

That house in which you lived was not your home,
For home's a place where there are faith and love.
Two poor tragedians stalked along those halls,
Betrayed by passion and denied by hope.
They hated you whose beauty brought to mind
The early magic of their common life.
But in your own wise heart you made a home
Where you put secret things like hills and heaven.
You had the independence of the rose,
The bravery of sunlight on the grave.

2

Often you came to the room of many books.
There, upon the floor, under the open window,
You would sit, a young Athena —
The dreams and wisdom of the world around you.
As you read,
The wind, blowing across the honeysuckle,
Played with a ruffle on your dress.

Then you never heard the laughter of the boys
On their way to Tanner's Pool.
Nor the gossip of the trees in the garden.
You had climbed the slender ladders
That lean against the clouds,
You were running in the meadows of the sky.

3

With mottled stones and shoots of yellow willow
You built an altar by the stream
Back of the great white house.
You who were friendly with the flowers
And understood the ways of stars and birds,
Made with your own hands
A thing of beauty.

There you went when the story ended;
When the sun crept under the hill;
When the people of the house were cruel.

You took the violets that grew along the fence
And twined a garland for your secret temple.

4

She was a mother to your hidden self —
A wistful wrinkled woman who kept young
By watching you and listening to your talk.
How she loved you!
You were the light that made the journey sure.

You never knew the pain beneath her smile
That day you brought the nest of robins home.
"Little children of the birds"— you called them.
You wondered why she turned and walked away.

5

The seed is carried by desolate winds
Blowing down from the autumn night,
While the trees bend close and mutter
Like tired wives confiding
The terrible truths of birth.

6

Once when the snow covered the garden,
You heard a voice that called your name
Over and over,
Mixed with the sound of the world outside.

Then you left the fire in the grate,
The story-book and the water-color beads.
In your room alone,
You hid your face in the pillow.
You could not stop those tears that burned your eyes,
Those sobs that shook the bed.

Outside the storm ended.
The sun came and the snow on the roof melted:
The falling drops made a music on the walk below.
A blue-bird paused on the garden tree.

When they found you later,
You were fast asleep —
A child no longer.

Contemporary Verse *Scudder Middleton*

I PASS A LIGHTED WINDOW

I pass a lighted window
  And a closed door —
And I am not troubled
  Any more.

Though the road is murky,
  I am not afraid,
For a shadow passes
  On the lighted shade.

Once I knew the sesame
  To the closed door;
Now I shall not enter
  Any more;

Now will people, passing
  By the lit place,
See our shadows marry
  In a gray embrace.

Strange, a passing shadow
  Has a long spell!
What can matter, knowing
  She does well?

How could life annoy me
  Any more?
Life: a lighted window
  And a closed door.

Contemporary Verse — *Clement Wood*

ELAINE

Oh, come again to Astolat!
I will not ask you to be kind;
And you may go when you will go,
And I will stay behind!

I will not say how dear you are
Or ask you if you hold me dear,
Or trouble you with things for you,
The way I did last year.

So still the orchard, Lancelot,
So very still the lake shall be,
You could not guess — though you should guess —
What is become of me.

So wide shall be the garden-walk,
The garden-seat so very wide,
You needs must think — if you should think —
The lily maid has died.

Save that a little way away
I'd watch you for a little while,
To see you speak, the way you speak,
And smile — if you should smile.

The Nation — *Edna St. Vincent Millay*

A LADY

She sleeps beneath a canopy of carnation silk,
Embroidered with Venetian lace.
Between the linens that crush in the hand
Soft as down.

Walking, she looks through a window
Curtained with carnation silk,
Embroidered with Venetian lace.
The walls are hung with velvet
Embossed with a fleur de lis,
And around her is a silence of richness,
Where foot-falls are like exhalations
From carpets of moss.
Little clocks tinkle.
Medallions priceless as jewels
Lie by jars suspiring like coals of fire.
And a maid prepares the bath,
Tincturing delicious water with exquisite essences.
And she is served with coffee
In cups as thin as petals,
Sitting amid pillows that breathe
The souls of friezia!

All things are hers:
Fishes from all seas,
Fruits from all climes.
The city lies at her command,
And is summoned by buttons
Which are pressed by her.
Noiselessly feet move on many floors,
Serving her.
Wheels that turn under coaches
Of crystal and ebony,
And yachts dreaming in strange waters,
And wings — all are hers!
And she is free:
Her husband comes and goes
From his suite below hers.
She never sees him,
Nor knows his ways, nor his days.

But she is very weary
And all alone amid her servants,
And guests that come and go.
Her lips are red,
Her skin is soft and smooth —
But the page blurs before her eyes.
Her eyelids are languid,
And droop from weariness,
Tho she will not rest
From the long pursuit of love!
Her hair is white;
The skin of her faultless neck
Edges in creases
As she turns her perfect head.
And the days dawn and die.
What day that dawns will bring her love?
And day by day she waits for the dawn
Of a new life, a great love!
But every morning brings its remembrance
Of the increasing years that are gone.
And every evening brings its fear
Of death which must come,
Until her nerves are shaken
Like a woman's hair in the wind —
What must be done?
Someone tells her that God is love.
And when the fears come
She says to self over and over,
"God is love! God is love!
All is well."
And she wins a little oblivion,
Through saying, "God is love,"
From the truth in her heart which cries:
"Love is life,
Love is a lover,
And love is God!"

She is a flower
Which the spring has nourished,
And the summer exhausted,
Fall is at hand.
Weird zephyrs stir her leaves and blossoms;
And she says to herself, "It is not fall,
For God is love!"

My poor flower!
May this therapy ease you into sleep,
And the folding of jewelless hands!
You are beginning to be sick
Of the incurable disease of age
And the weariness of futile flesh!

Reedy's Mirror *Edgar Lee Masters*

THE TOPMOST BOUGH

Don't you love me now,
  After all my sighing,
Swearing to you how
  I'm dying, dying, dying?

Don't you love me now,
  After I have set you
On love's topmost bough? —
  God, then, I'll forget you.

Contemporary Verse *Gamaliel Bradford*

BONNYBELL: THE GRAY SPHEX

I

Bonnybell comes to the room of her lover,
Paul, for the farewell hour.
O Bonnybell so frail, so worn!
Bonnybell slips on a negligee of sky-blue silk,
Shakes out the ringlets of her seal-brown hair
And like a flower whose scent escapes
The leaves of a book,
She lies between the exquisite linen
That glides like satin under her rosy feet,
Drawn up and down
In the restlessness of fatigue.
And her hair is spread like a fan
Over the snow of the pillow —
Bonnybell will sleep.

For the heat of the city stifles one,
And saps one's strength.
And Bonnybell has drilled,
And Bonnybell has sung,
And Bonnybell has been shoed and costumed,
And Bonnybell has shopped,
And bought the silver tags
For her wrist and neck, that in case her body
Floats pied and swollen at sea
Her name may be known,
And her body rescued from the water,
As one who gave her life to the war . . .
And Bonnybell says in a weary voice,
Turning her face to the wall:
Dear, I must sleep.
But while I am sleeping, read your letters
Written at first,

Which show how our love began
In lightness, delicate fellowship.
You will find them there in my week-end bag.
For now I must sleep for an hour.
Then I will wake and put my arms
Around you dear,
My dearest love.

Bonnybell grows silent.
And her bosom rises and falls.
And a breeze from over the towers of the city
Stirs her hair out-spread on the pillow.
And Paul tip-toes to the dresser to find
The letters.
And sees in the bag beside the letters
Bonnybell's boudoir cap,
And Bonnybell's little slippers,
And her powder box of cloisonne
And sticks of rouge for the lips,
And a piece of alum,
And a diary.
Then Paul returns to the edge of the bed
And reads the letters,
Looking from time to time at Bonnybell,
Who has not stirred,
Whose bosom rises and falls.
And he studies her piquant little face
With its square prognathous jaw;
The little snub nose that twists to the right of the face
Like the root of a flower.
And the tips of her ears made bare for the time
By the out-spread hair on the pillow —
Almost Darwinian ears, he shudders to think,
No roll at the top, thinned out at the top
Like a fox's or a collie's.
But, oh, the brow of Bonnybell,

So full, so rich, so high,
Behind which are fancy
And insight, taste, the gifts of memory.
But, oh, the eyes of Bonnybell,
Closed now in sleep,

So sad, so child-like, tender,
Like a blue-bell caught under the fringe of a fern
Wind-blown and wet with rain.

And as Paul reads the letters he thinks
Of all that Bonnybell has said:
I go to the war, she had said,
To serve the country, to give my life
For the cause of Freedom, Beauty, Truth,
To nurse the men who avenge with arms
The desolation of Belgium,
The desecration of France,
The ruin of art, cathedrals, temples,
Amiens, Rheims!
My life has been one drawn-out pain —
Only pain from my childhood, dear —
It were better I were swept under
In the great cause that would put down
The barbaric hands that soil or ruin
Marbles, canvases, cathedrals,
And sacred shrines.
My father is a beast,
And my mother a humbled, whipped-out thing.
And I was driven out in the world
To earn my bread from the first.
And now, after years, I find you, dear.
I am on the heights at last for your love,
In the light of a deathless sun by day,
And under the planets of faith and love
By night, my own, my love, my consummation.

And I go to the war for you,—
You who are Truth and Beauty.
You are giving me to the war,
I am your gift to the war.
I go to the war to grow through service,
And to come back worthy of you.
I shall enrich my mind,
And purify my spirit,
And care for my body,
Then bring these gifts to you again,
Made richer, more beautiful.
But while I am in the war, sustain me,
For I can endure, or suffer even death
If you sustain me with your love.
But if you would break me, dear,
If you would strike me down in the service,
Only withdraw your love from me.
So for the cause and our love
Write me daily letters.
Pour out your spirit to me
That through your spirit I may serve
The cause of our country in the war.
And, dear, be true to me, lest you break
My heart, dear one.
And wait for my return, steadfast and true,
Though it be a year, two years.
I am afraid when I think
How *Gyp* in Galsworthy's "Beyond"
Saw the kiss of her betrayal bestowed
On fresher lips.
I have heard you are a man who changes,
Deserts, betrays.
And they tell me you will consume me,
Then blow me away like a cinder.
And I shudder to think when I am gone
You will turn to another.

How can it be, since through you, dear,
I have learned the ritual of love,
And knew it not save through you,
That you would teach another, or share
The ritual with her?

No, dear, it must not be.
For I shall think of you by day,
Day by day.
And dream of you by night,
Night by night.
And sleep beneath the blankets you gave me,
And keep your picture under my pillow,
So blest for your love.
And save the money you gave me,
And save the money you send me
For our child to be when I return,
Our child to be born, when I return.
So that you and I shall not go down
To the silence of those unborn.
And I shall be faithful and true to you
In word, in deed, not knowing change
With the hour, or mood,
As I have been faithful and true from the first.
And keep our secret from all ears,
Lest it be soiled by idle words.
Thus I go to the war for you.
And Paul, who has drawn from memory
The voice of Bonnybell in these words,
As he reads the letters, looks at her
And shakes his head with a sigh:
Be faithless to you, Bonnybell,
Betray you, Bonnybell?
I will die ere I do it, Bonnybell!
Fail to sustain you, Bonnybell
With love and letters and constant thought!

Though it drain my spirit dry,
While the breath is in me, Bonnybell,
My soul is yours.
And he bends above her and kisses her.
Then kneels by the bed and prays for her.
Then rises and goes to the dresser
And tosses the letters into the bag.
But as he tosses the letters in
His eye rests on the diary.
What has Bonnybell written, he wonders,
Of their great delights, their meetings,
From the very first time
When she came like a bride in virginal beauty
To this hour of love and peace?
So he takes the diary out,
Clinking the alum against the cloisonne box
Of powder or rouge,
Returns to the edge of the bed
And turns the diary's pages.

And the wonder enters his thought
What did Bonnybell write in her diary
Of the primal bliss between them.
So he turns to the date. . . .
What is the matter, Paul?
Is this death at last?
Is it death?
Your heart has stopped.
Your breath is gone.
You are turned to stone.
Your hair stands up.
Perhaps it is turning white.
Prickles run over you,
A weakness goes through you.
Is it paralysis, perhaps?
You cannot rise, or move,

The diary shakes in your hand.
Fix your eye on the entry in Bonnybell's hand:
" Paul, December 10th, the Imperial, 1520 + "
Don't look at the entries a week before,
And later a week,
Where you find the entries in Bonnybell's hand:
" H. the Metropole 51 — I + "
You will die, poor Paul, if you sit and stare
And think that three days after the day
You gave your Bonnybell cloaks and blankets
For her comfort in the war
She betrayed you, even while she pleaded with you:
Be true to me, do not betray me,
You can break my heart.

Now what shall he do?
For the dastard Germans wrecked the beauty of Rheims,
And Bonnybell has wrecked the beauty of love,
And soiled with nameless foulness
And elaborate hypocrisy
Sacred images and rituals,
Virtues, faiths, and truths.
And she is going to nurse the men
Who will vanquish the Germans.
But what shall be done to her?
He looks at her slender neck —
How easy to strangle her.
He looks at her face —
How easy to beat and mar
Her little face.
How easy to kill her, yet what folly
To hang for killing a leman whose record
Lies in this book before him,—
This book of a year!
He smiled at himself and shook his shoulders

And the words went through his brain:
Think of me hourly, write me daily,
Give me your love, your faith,
That I may be sustained
In the great cause of the war
To which you are giving me.
Be true to me
Till I return.

Then Bonnybell wakes
And sees Paul with her diary.
She springs like a panther upon him
And seizes the diary.
And cries, "Now I must give you up."
But he pushes her down on the bed.
And she falls and hides her face in the sheets,
And confesses without a tear or a sigh
Her varied lusts.
Then he pulls her up,
Lifts up her hair from her little fox ears,
Looks through the pin-head pupils of her eyes
And the matted rays of their iris,
And sees her mouth so red and puffed,
Feverish, insatiable;
And sees before him all in all
An elemental imp, a soul
Malevolent, half-formed,
A succubus!

There's a wasp, said Paul to Bonnybell,
That stings the cricket in the breast,
One, two, three,—
Where the ganglia are in the breast,
Then lays three eggs where the ganglia are,—
One, two, three.
But the cricket does not die.

The cricket lives and keeps its flesh
Fresh for the larvæ,
Fresh for the new hatched worms
Which eat the breast of the cricket out,
While the cricket, yet alive, keeps waving
Its helpless legs, antennae.
Little gray sphex, you would devour
With the worms of regret, defeated love
And remorse,
The exhausted soul of me.
But your sting has scarcely poison enough,
My little gray sphex!
I have given my all to the war through you;
That good you have done.
Now I rise and shake your eggs from me,
I rise and leave you and cleanse my soul,
And leave some brute of a man to kill you
Somewhere in France.

And Bonnybell goes forth to the war
Where crickets are plentiful,
And where she may drink the blood of men
She wounds in the war.

II

BONNYBELL: THE BUTTERFLY

As I shall die, let your belief
Find in these words too poor and brief
My soul's essential self.
My grief
Down to the day I knew you locks
Its secret word in paradox:
I who loved truth could not be true,
Could only love the truth and glow
With words of truth who loved it so,

Even while I dishonored you.
I who loved constancy was false,
And heeded but in part the calls
Of loveliness for love and you.
I am but half of that I hoped,
And that half hardly more than words
I cheered my soul with as it groped:
As from their bowers of rain the birds
Sing feebly, pining for the sun.
As I am all of this, by fate
Lose what I could so well have won,
Life leaves me half articulate,
My failure, nature half-expressed,
Or wholly hidden in my breast.
Yes, dear, the secret of me lies
Where words scarce come to analyze.
Yet who knows why he is this or that?
What moves, defeats him, works him ill?
What blood ancestral of the bat
Narrows his music to the shrill
Squeak of a flitting thing that hunts
For gnats, which never singing, fronts
The full moon flooding down the vale,
The perfect soul, the nightingale!

You have wooed music all your life,
And I have sought for love. I think
My soul was marked, dear, by a wife
Who loved a man immersed in drink,
Who crushed her love which would not die.
If this be true, my soul's great thirst
Was blended with a fault accursed.
My mother's love is my soul's cry.
My father's vileness, lies and lusts
His cruel heart, inconstancy
That kept my mother with the crusts

Of life to gnaw, are in my blood.
My rainbow wings I scarce can loose,
Or if I free them, there's the mud
That weighs and mars their use.
You have wooed music. But suppose
The hampered hours and poverty
Broke down your spirit's harmony,
Then if you found you could achieve
The music in you, if you could
But pick a pocket or deceive,
Which would you call the greater good —
The music or a sin withstood?
Suppose you passed a window where
The violin of your despair
Lay ready for your hands! At last
You stole it as you hurried past,
And hid it underneath your rags
Until you reached your attic room,
Then tuned the strings and burned the tags,
And drew the bow till lyric fire
Should all your thieving thoughts consume:
In such case what is your desire —
The music or the violin?
And what in such case is your sin?
And if they caught you in your theft,
Would you, just to be honest, dear
Forefront your thief-self as your deft
And dominant genius, or the ear
Which tortured you?

Would you not say,
Music intrigues me night and day?
My soul is the musician's. First
In my soul's love is music. Would
You falsify to keep your good?
Deny your theft, or put the worst

Construction on your soul, obscure
Thereby your soul's investiture
Of music's gift and music's lure?
If you were flame you would pretend
What you would fain be to the end,
Keep your good name and keep as well
The violin. May this not be
In some realm an integrity?
Now for myself, dear, though I lack
The gift of utterance to explain
My life's pursuit and passion, pain,
Or why I acted thus, concealed
Thoughts that you hold were best revealed,
Your eyes to heal themselves must track
And find my soul's way in its quest
Followed from girlhood without rest.
Music is not its hope, but love. . . .
And I saw somehow I could lift
My life through you, and rise above
What I had been. And since your gift
Of love saw me as truthful, true
I kept that best side to your view,
And hoped to be what you desired
If I but struggled, still aspired.
And as for lapses, even while
I fooled you with the wanton's smile,
He was my lover till you came
To light my life with purer flame.
Was it, beloved. so great a sin?
He was a practice violin.
Oh, how I knew this when your strings
Sang to me afterward when I slept
Upon your breast again. I wept,
Do you remember? I was grieving
Neither for him, nor your deceiving,
Rather (how strange is life) that he

Was prelude to your harmony;
Rather that while I walked with him,
With you I found the cherubim,
Left my old self at last with wings,
Saw beauty clear where it was dim
Before, through my imaginings.

Do you suppose the primrose knows
What skill adds petals to its crown?
How many failures laugh and frown
Upon the hand that crosses, sows?
The hand is ignorant of the power
Obedient in the primrose flower
To the hand's skill that toils to add
New petals till the flower be clad
In fuller glory. What's the bond
Between us two, that I respond
To what you are? Nor do you know
What lies within me fain to grow
Under your hand.

But if the worm
Should call itself the butterfly,
Since it will soon become one, I
Better to be myself affirm
That I am Beauty, Truth — for you
I would be Beauty, Truth, imbue
Your life with love and loveliness.
And you can make me Beauty, Truth,
And I can bring you soul success
If you but train my flower whose youth
Still may be governed, keep erect
My hope in this poor earthern sod.
I think this is a task which God
Appoints for us. We may neglect
The task in this life, but to find

It is a task we leave behind,
Only to meet it, till we see
Our fate worked out in lives to be.
O. from my crawling self to spread
My golden wings above your head,
Through love of love and you discard
The sting, the rings of green, the shard.
Oh, to be Psyche, passion tried
Through flesh, desire, purified!
Love is my lode-star, music yours —
Souls must go where the lode-star lures.

Reedy's Mirror *Edgar Lee Masters*

MA

What can she be thinking of—
This gray-haired, dark-faced little woman
With those close-drawn cheeks and humbly lowered
eyes,
As she bends over the wash-tub,
Scrubbing the wet underwear against the wash-board
All morning long!
What can she be thinking of —
In this queerly quiet kitchen,
Dark and small and clean-kept like herself,
As the blown rain whips against the window pane
And swishes into the yard
With a soft, continual splash —
I have an impelling desire to understand her;
To know her and get nearer to her —
This tired-faced woman who is my mother.
I wish I could get into her bowed head
As she bends over the wash-tub,
And look through her dimmed eyes

And see how things seem to her
After fifty-seven years of life —
Fifty-seven years of the great commonplaces of life:
Childhood, girlhood, wifehood, motherhood;
All but death —
And that, too.
Fifty-seven years of sorrowing, rejoicing, despairing,
hoping
Over the world's timeless joys and griefs;
Questioning not the scheme
That mostly gave her things to sorrow over,
And despair over
All these years.
After bringing ten children into the world,
In the ordinary, miraculous way;
Nursing them with unwearied breasts,
Working for them with unwearied hands,
Loving them with unwearied patience,
Battling for them
With poverty, death and disease
For thirty years; —
Seeing some of them struggle into manhood;
Seeing some of them struggle into womanhood,
Painfully, joylessly;
And following some of them to their little graves,
In their birthplace across the sea,
Under the Russian birch trees.
And one —
She who was your first born, mother!
She who gave you most joy and most pain —
Seeing her grow up in your barren house,
Like a tall tree from a cleft rock,
Strong and healthy and haughty with beauty,
Hating her humble birth,
Panting for color and joy; —
Seeing her flare out her tumultuous years

In a brief feverish fire;
Until you followed her, too,
Burying half of your heart
Under a tombstone in Brooklyn.
And all the while,
These thirty-seven years,
Mated with the wreck of a strong man,
The wreck of a great soul,
Broken and humbled by a strange disease,
That lurked in him like an assassin —
Patiently loving, living, bearing with him;
Suffering his pain as your own;
Sharing his weakness and worshipping his strength;
Respecting the tragedy you could not understand.

Woman, woman,
Sublime, simple mother of mine,
Scrubbing away at the wash-board
With gnarled, mechanical fingers —
What do you make of all this!
How do you reconcile
All the purposelessness and fruitlessness and contrariness of things
In that crude mind of yours —
Seeing the faith that cloaked you from the truth,
That explained and arranged and combined,
Systematizing the Universe into a well-ordered household
With a Master who saw all and knew all,
Punishing and rewarding in inexplicable ways —
Seeing your old faith cast off and trampled under foot,
Ignored and derided by your own children
As a foolish, baseless fable,
Mother, poor mother of mine,
What can you make of all this,

Scrubbing away at your wash-board,
This rainy morning?
What are you thinking about?
I wish I could know!
Are you thinking of her that you lost,
In the full-blown bloom of your hope —
Plucked from your arms,
As you held her down to the bed
Helping the doctor that day?
Do you see her come in through the door,
Quick and abrupt as of old:
Her heavy, masculine step;
Her straight and broad-bosomed figure;
The animal health of her cheeks.
Are you remembering
Some word that she carelessly dropped;
A certain twist of her neck —
And your dark face darkens;
And your gray head pensively droops;
And your eyes that have wept themselves red,
Glisten with oncoming tears.

Or are you thinking of your husband,
Reeling his way through the years,
Stupefied by his fate —
Falling and rising and falling,
Under the bludgeon of life!
And you remember a Sabbath afternoon
In Kartushkiya-Beroza,
When the town turned out for a stroll; —
How you walked by his side on the highway,
Proud to be envied of all.
Or are you thinking of me —
Your strange, queer, puzzle of a son;
The poet-changeling of your womb —
Whom you would love but do not know how;

Whom you would hope for but do not know what.
And your heart is sad with apprehension
Knowing not why.

Or are you thinking of the little ones
And your little daily cares:
Those socks that you washed just now —
They are far too torn to be mended;
Or those worn-out shreds of underwear —
And winter coming . . .

Here they are back from school
With a loud ring at the door —
" I'll open it, Ma."

McCall's Magazine *Alter Brody*

THE MILL

The miller's wife had waited long,
The tea was cold, the fire was dead;
And there might yet be nothing wrong
In how he went and what he said:
" There are no millers any more,"
Was all that she had heard him say;
And he had lingered at the door
So long that it seemed yesterday.

Sick with a fear that had no form
She knew that she was there at last;
And in the mill there was a warm
And mealy fragrance of the past.
What else there was would only seem
To say again what he had meant;

And what was hanging from a beam
  Would not have heeded where she went.

And if she thought it followed her,
  She may have reasoned in the dark
That one way of the few there were
  Would hide her and would leave no mark:
Black water, smooth above the weir
  Like starry velvet in the night,
Though ruffled once, would soon appear
  The same as ever to the sight.

The New Republic *Edwin Arlington Robinson*

TO TWO UNKNOWN LADIES [1]

Ladies, I do not know you, and I think
I do not want to. And a strange beginning
I make with that. Admitted; there's the odds.
You live between the covers of a book,
At least for me, but then I've known a crowd
Of other people who do that. My mind
Is stuffed with phantoms out of poets' brains.
But you are out of nothing but the air,
Or were, rather, for one of you is dead.
Dead or alive, it is the same to me,
Since all our contact lies in printer's ink.

But even this, peculiar as it is,
Is but a thread of singularity.
Here is another, that I see you double,
Each one beheld in profile, as it were.

[1] The "Unknown Ladies" are the Misses Sommerville and Ross, whose writings on Irish Life and Character have captivated many readers besides Miss Lowell.— EDITOR.

And yet the full-face view is not composite,
But shows two totally specific halves
Which do not blend and still are not distinct.
And again why should I perplex my eyes
With trying so hard to draw you both together
As though you were a lighted candle, split
Upon an oculist's dissecting spectacles?

You see the thing is really not so simple
As A. B. C., or Keats, or "Christabel,"
And that is where the plague comes in for me.
For here, sitting quite calmly in my chair,
Settled down comfortably to an evening's reading,
I open up the queerest possibility,
Namely: the visitation of a ghost.
Suppose I throw you down the glove at once
And say I'm haunted, does that bring the answer?
If so, it blurs beyond what I can grasp
And foggy answers leave us where we were.

If either of you much attracted me
We could fall back upon phenomena
And make a pretty story out of psychic
Balances, but not to be too broad
In my discourtesy, nor prudish neither
(Since, really, I can hardly quite suppose
With all your ghostliness you follow me),
I feel no such attraction. Or if one
Bows to my sympathy for the briefest space,
Snap — it is gone! And, worst of all to tell,
What broke it is not in the least dislike
But utter boredom.
Now I acknowledge you are sensible,
And so I put it squarely; is there not
A strange absurdity in being haunted
By ghosts who crack one's jaws upon a yawn?

If that were all of it! But nothing's all.
For just as I am oozing into sleep,
See-sawing gently out of consciousness,
A phrase of yours will laugh out loud and clang
Me broad awake. And still there's more to come:
Sometimes I catch the faintest whiff of flutes.
And that I hold to be a paradox.

Did ever ladies lead so dull a life
As you? At least according to my taste
(I'll be polite enough to put it so).
You wrote, but, Great Saint Peter, tell me how!
With half a destiny. Now we, poor devils,
Fill our ink-wells with entrails, pour our veins
To wet a pencil point, and end at last
As shrivelled as a pod of money-wort,
And (let me say this in a neat aside)
We hope as shining. So do artists live,
And skulls are best when turned to flower-pots.

Now your way: Half a year, or more, or less;
A book tossed off between two sets of tennis,
Or jotted down some morning of hard frost
When the hounds could not run. Pale Jesus Christ,
Is this an effort worthy to be classed
Beyond the writing of cake recipes?
One of you painted. Well, you have no shame
To call such trash a picture. Years and years
You studied with the patient, stupid zeal
Of every amateur, and to this day
You never guess how badly you have done.

You speak of music, and my nerve-ends sting
Thinking of Chopin sentimentalized
By innocent young ladyhood; of Liszt
Doted upon, his tinsel rhodomontade

Held for high romance. And the ghastly nights
On cracked hotel pianos! It would be
Experience to read of washier stuff.
And yet — and yet — this clearly is not all.
Or why should I go back to you again,
Evening and evening, in a kind of thirst,
Surprising my tongue upon an almond taste.

A puzzling business. Everything comes back
And hooks upon a question. I suspect
Myself of cheating, stacking a full pack
With diamond Jacks extraordinary and Queens
Of Spades enough to make a declaration
Of quite superb inviolability.
But if the pack were dealt again, what then?
So what's the truth behind my set of it,
If I can keep my eyes clear long enough
To get a squint thereat? Almonds, I said,
Smooth, white, and bitter, wonderfully almonds.

Your fingers were unequal to the task
Of fashioning pictures, they were not enough.
For pictures take the whole and whip it round
To something out of you; and this you could
Contrive, but not as artists, since this thing
Was not your making. You were pigment, line.
I will not split you up to parts and parts,
Suffice it that the pictures here are you.
Double and single, like chrysanthemums,
Each of one family, but with just differences
Of color and habit and the arch of stem.

Two halves, I said, and here I patterned rightly.
A frail half and a virile, but both shoots
Of one straight mother tree. It is your nobleness
That shocks a fire across these photographs

And makes them a contentment for strained eyes
Hurt by the ugliness of crowds in streets,
Stumbling short-sighted in a group of gargoyles.
You might have posed for caryatides,
With wind-drawn garments sucking round your limbs,
Your beauty blushing through their flattened gauze,
Before a temple, on a sunny day.

I wonder I am Greek enough to feel
Such solace in mere outline. But again,
As always where I find you are concerned,
This does not finish your effect. For when
I write down Greek, it is inadequate.
Marble you are, but there's that jet of fire
Like a red sunset on a fall of snow.
I feel a wind blowing off heather hills,
Am vaguely conscious of the moan of waves,
And sea-weed fronds pulsating in a pool.
Now this, of course, is anything but Greek.

Horses and dogs! You say yourself that they
Are stuck with limpet-closeness to your life.
And there, I think, is more than parallel.
For dogs and horses have a wistfulness,
A pathos, in their bursts of gaiety
Which tears the heart, even when crinky-tail
Sets dogs in bundles racing round a lawn
Or snaps a horse's feet to jigging springs
Cat-dancing with a sudden twitch of ears.
And you are both like that, for your jokes bob
Under taut flags across a bay of tears.

That figure is so old, I feel a twinge
Of hot compunction at using it again.
But even artists stub their toes sometimes
Upon the fallen centuries, and Helen

Was much considered by the youth of Troy.
I think perhaps your prototypes in Sparta
Called forth that metaphor. But let it pass.
It is a fact that my eyes itch and burn
At this of you on horseback. Foolish! Oh,
Shall you call folly at this time of day,
You, who tell tales of banshees in a park!

Again a facet. Like a lapidary
I cut and cut in microscopic flakes,
But never get the gem for all these sides.
There's more to you than single flesh and blood
Though these be fine and clear as new-stripped almonds.
And more than tears; but what it is drifts out
Beyond the surf-line of my consciousness
And blurs in dazzle so I lose its edge.
The puzzle grows as I unravel it,
For all these feelings come out of a book
And you, who cannot write, have written it.

There's food for many solitary munchings,
And sticks to beat an artist's soul withal.
You cannot write and look what you have written:
Two lives which stare and twinkle on the page
So that I blind in looking. That's a glare
To put out farthing candles of professionals.
Had I not seen your drawings, I might almost
Have been bewitched by that hotel piano
And guessed you better understood your Chopin.
Now I am all at sea and clinging
To horses and a cat-leap at a fence.

Well, there it stands, and what I get is life,
And love held back and breaking up and out.
Your heart is never on your sleeve, you say;

But try your hardest, it is in your pen,
And death is nothing to vitality
Swinging across a second heart. At best
One sees a breeding like those draperies
Which cool my naked caryatides.
Why, I'm not dead, but merely gone in space
And that you slap away with easy hand
Drawing me closer much than you intend.

Perhaps the very queerest of these facts
Is that I feel apologies are due
For just this thing which wakes my admiration.
You do not want me crowding in behind
That carefully embroidered sleeve, and yet
What I behold mounts to a blazing altar,
And both are there before it, worshipping.
Will you forgive this little pinch of incense,
For one of you is dead and she will know,
Perhaps, at least, what magic brought me here.
And I will never seek to meet the other,
I only write to exorcise a ghost.

The North American Review *Amy Lowell*

FATHERLAND

For what would a man die?
For what would a man be dead,
In April? — go down and lie
In a low bed,
And when spring was passing by
Pull the covers over his head?

Did he know his house would be dark,
The window curtains drawn,

When the morning star was a spark
On the ashes of the dawn? —
Chilly and very low,
With no door swinging back and forth
Where he may pass and go
Over the shining swarth,
With the winds singing to and fro
And the redbirds winging north?
Would he lie like a straight ash stick
When the roots around him stir
And the other dead are quick —
The daisy and ragweed and burr? —
Lie still, though he hear in his night
The wind blowing on to June;
The silence of ripe sunlight
Over the grass at noon;
The stars like bees overhead
In the apple trees and the plums?
For what would a man be dead
Now April comes?

Do men love Fatherland
So, that they die for these:
Night in blue valleys, and
The breakers of blue seas;
Clouds marching, caravanned,
And star-acquainted trees;
Cities time's made grey
And talkative and wise;
Hills so old they may
Watch pain with patient eyes;
Young mountain-tops that play
At touching the skies;
The heavens, like a bent hand;
The brown earth underneath?
Are these his Fatherland,

For which man stops his breath,
Takes off his body, and
Goes down to sit with Death?

Or is it this that rouses
His heart to go:
Do streets of little houses
Keep haunting him so
With their secrets, like small caged birds
That flutter and fly at the sill,
And their ghosts of long-dead words
That are walking still;
With their cool white beds for sleep,
And their tables spread,
And their tented roofs that keep
Out the curious moon overhead?

For these what man would end
His own fire and lamp-light,
His thought that is his friend
And sits by his hearth at night;
His old, acquainted clothes
And the sweet taste of bread —
All of the things he knows —
Go down in the earth and be dead?
No, this is Fatherland,
For which men, lifting up
Life, toss it on the sand
Like water from a cup:
A little land that has
Truth round it like a sea,
Where dreams are many as
The leaves are on a tree,
And stars grow in the grass
For men to touch and see.
A little, holy land

Within all hearts of men
The earth holds in her hand —
There he is citizen
With high, heroic things,
With faiths and loyalties,
With deeds that put on wings,
And songs that sing of these;
With sacrifice, though it be
For a mistaken dream;
Justice and mercy
Alive with a little gleam
In the earth of men who say
They have rooted it from the sod
And taken another way
And got them another God.

From mountains of the moon
April has come once more;
But April, nor May, nor June,
Will ever find his door.
He lies so quiet now
In puzzlement how death
Can be so kind, and how
Lightly he draws his breath.
Almost afraid to stir
Lest he find his dreaming vain,
He drinks of wonder there
As green leaves drink the rain.
I think he was not sad
To feel his weight of clay,
Nor sorry that he had
Lost April's way.
He had such glory in
His closing eyes
He needs no stars to spin
And bubble in clear skies,

No young south wind that leaps
Singing, no April flowers;
Within his house he keeps
A greater spring than ours.

Eloise Robinson

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

THE EMPIRE OF CHINA IS CRUMBLING DOWN

Dedicated to William Rose Benét

I

Now let the generations pass —
Like sand through Heaven's blue hour-glass.

By the capital where poetry began,
Near the only printing presses known to man,
Young Confucius walks the shore
On a sorrowful day.
The town, all books, is tumbling down
Through the blue bay.
From rusty musty walls the bookworms come;
They drown themselves like rabbits in the sea.
Venomous scholars harry mandarins
With pitchfork, blunderbuss and snickersnee.
In the book-slums there is thunder;
Gunpowder, that sad wonder,
Intoxicates the knights and beggar-men.
The old grotesques of war begin again:
Devils, furies, fairies are set free.

Confucius hears a carol and a hum:
A picture sea-child whirs from off his fan

In one quick breath of peach-bloom fantasy,
And in an instant bows the reverent knee —
A full-grown sweetheart, chanting his renown.
And then she darts into the Yellow Sea,
Calling, calling:
" Sage with holy brow,
Say farewell to China now;
Live like the swine,
Leave off your scholar-gown!
This city of books is falling, falling,
The Empire of China is crumbling down."

II

Confucius, Confucius, how great was Confucius —
The sunrise of Lu, and the master of Mencius?

Alexander fights the East.
Just as the Indus turns him back
He hears of swarming lands beyond,
And sword-swept cities on the rack
With crowns outshining India's crown:
The Empire of China, crumbling down.
Later the Roman sibyls say:
" Egypt, Persia and Macedon,
Tyre and Carthage, passed away;
And the Empire of China is crumbling down.
Rome will never crumble down."

III

See how the generations pass —
Like sand through Heaven's blue hour-glass.

Arthur waits on the British shore
One thankful day,
For Galahad sails back at last
To Camelot Bay.

The pure knight lands and tells the tale:
"Far in the east
A sea-girl led us to a king,
The king to a feast,
In a land where poppies bloom for miles,
Where books are made like bricks and tiles.
I taught that king to love your name —
Brother and Christian he became.

"His Town of Thunder-Powder keeps
A giant hound that never sleeps,
A crocodile that sits and weeps.

"His Town of Cheese the mouse affrights
With fire-winged cats that light the nights.
They glorify the land of rust;
Their sneeze is music in the dust.

"All towns have one same miracle
With the Town of Silk, the capital —
Vast book-worms in the book-built walls.
Their creeping shakes the silver halls;
They look like cables, and they seem
Like writhing roots on trees of dream.
Their sticky cobwebs cross the street,
Catching scholars by the feet,
Who own the tribes, yet rule them not,
Bitten by book-worms till they rot.
Beggars and clowns rebel in might
Bitten by book-worms till they fight."

Arthur calls his knights in rows:
"I will go if Merlin goes;
These rebels must be flayed and sliced —
Let us cut their throats for Christ."
But Merlin whispers in his beard:
"China has witchcraft to be feared."

Arthur stares at the sea-foam's rim
Amazed. The fan-girl beckons him! —
Her witch-ways all his senses drown.
She laughs in her wing, like the sleeve of a gown.
She lifts a key of crimson stone:
" The Great Gunpowder-town you own."
She lifts a key with chains and rings:
" I give the town where cats have wings."
She lifts a key as white as milk:
" This unlocks the Town of Silk "—
Throws forty keys at Arthur's feet:
" These unlock the land complete."

Then, frightened by suspicious knights,
And Merlin's eyes like altar-lights,
And the Christian towers of Arthur's town,
She spreads blue fins — she whirs away;
Fleeing far across the bay,
Wailing through the gorgeous day:
" My sick king begs you save his crown
And his learnèd chiefs from the worm and clown —
The Empire of China is crumbling down."

IV

Always the generations pass,
Like sand through Heaven's blue hour-glass!

The time the King of Rome is born —
Napoleon's son, that eaglet thing —
Bonaparte finds beside his throne
One evening, laughing in her wing,
A Chinese sea-child; and she cries,
Breaking his heart with emerald eyes
And fairy-bred unearthly grace:
" Master, take your destined place —

Across white foam and water blue
The streets of China call to you:
The Empire of China is crumbling down."
Then he bends to kiss her mouth,
And gets but incense, dust and drouth.

In Tokio they cry: "O King,
China's way is a shameful thing."
In hard Berlin they cry: "O King,
China's way is a shameful thing."
And thus our song might call the roll
Of every land from pole to pole,
And every rumor known to time
Of China doddering — or sublime.

V

Slowly the generations pass —
Like sand through Heaven's blue hour-glass.

But let us find tomorrow now:
Our towns are gone;
Our books have passed; ten thousand years
Have thundered on.
The Sphinx looks far across the world
In fury black:
She sees all western nations spent
Or on the rack.
Eastward she sees one land she knew
When from the stone
Priests of the sunrise carved her out
And left her alone.
She sees the shore Confucius walked
On his sorrowful day:
Learnèd paupers riot yet
In the ancient way;

Officials, futile as of old,
Have gowns more bright:
Bookworms are fiercer than of old,
Their skins more white;
Dust is deeper than of old;
More bats are flying;
More songs are written than of old —
More songs are dying.

Where Galahad found forty towns
Now fade and glare
Ten thousand towns with book-tiled roof
And garden-stair,
Where beggars' babies come like showers
Of classic words:
They rule the world — immortal brooks
And magic birds.
The lion Sphinx roars at the sun:
"I hate this nursing you have done!
The meek inherit the earth too long —
When will the world belong to the strong?"
She soars; she claws his patient face —
The girl-moon screams at the disgrace.
The sun's blood fills the western sky;
He hurries not, and will not die.

The baffled Sphinx, on granite wings,
Turns now to where young China sings.
One thousand of ten thousand towns
Go down before her silent wrath;
Yet even lion-gods may faint
And die upon their brilliant path.
She sees the Chinese children romp
In dust that she must breathe and eat.
Her tongue is reddened by its lye;
She craves its grit, its cold and heat.

The Dust of Ages holds a glint
Of fire from the foundation-stones,
Of spangles from the sun's bright face,
Of sapphires from earth's marrow-bones.
Mad-drunk with it, she ends her day —
Slips when a high sea-wall gives way,
Drowns in the cold Confucian sea
Where the whirring fan-girl first flew free.

In the light of the maxims of Chesterfield, Mencius, Franklin or Nietzsche, how great was Confucius?

His fan's gay daughter, crowned with sand,
Between the water and the land
Now cries on high in irony,
With a voice of night-wind alchemy:
"O drownèd cat,
O stony-face,
The joke is on Egyptian pride,
The joke is on the human race:
'The meek inherit the earth too long —
When will the world belong to the strong?'
I am born from off the holy fan
Of the world's most civil gentleman.
So answer me,
O deathless sea!"

And thus will the answering Ocean call:
"China will fall,
The Empire of China will crumble down,
When the Alps and the Andes crumble down;
When the sun and the moon have crumbled down,
The Empire of China will crumble down,
Crumble down."

DEMOS

I

All you that are enamored of my name
And least intent on what most I require,
Beware; for my design and your desire,
Deplorably, are not as yet the same.
Beware, I say, the failure and the shame
Of losing that for which you now aspire
So blindly, and of hazarding entire
The gift that I was bringing when I came.

Give as I will, I cannot give you sight
Whereby to see that with you there are some
To lead you, and be led. But they are dumb
Before the wrangling and the shrill delight
Of your deliverance that has not come,
And shall not, if I fail you — as I might.

II

So little have you seen of what awaits
Your fevered glimpse of a democracy
Confused and foiled with an equality
Not equal to the envy it creates,
That you see not how near you are the gates
Of an old king who listens fearfully
To you that are outside and are to be
The noisy lords of imminent estates.

Rather be then your prayer for what you have.
Than what your power denies you, having all.
See not the great among you for the small,

But hear their silence; for the few shall save
The many, or the many are to fall —
Still to be wrangling in a noisy grave.

Edwin Arlington Robinson
The North American Review

THE LITTLE PEOPLES

The little peoples of the troubled earth,
The little nations that are weak and white; —
For them the glory of another birth,
For them the lifting of the veil of night.
The big men of the world in concert met,
Have sent forth in their power a new decree:
Upon the old harsh wrongs the sun must set,
Henceforth the little peoples must be free!

But we, the blacks, less than the trampled dust,
Who walk the new ways with the old dim eyes,—
We to the ancient gods of greed and lust
Must still be offered up as sacrifice:
Oh, we who deign to live but will not dare,
The white world's burden must forever bear!

The Liberator *Claude McKay*

TO ITALY

1918

Fair land of dear desire,
Where beauty like a gleam
Awakes the hidden fire
Of what our souls would dream!

Where shining ilex glistens,
And cypress' sombre shade
Above dim fountains listens
In some forgotten glade.

Ah! land of dear desire,
Thy beauty floods again
My heart with sudden fire
And burns away its pain.

I dream with Perugino
On some far Umbrian hill,
Or walk with sweet Saint Francis
Till this world's fret is still;

Until my soul reposes
As, once unscourged he lay,
Amid the thornless roses
Until the break of day.

Dear saint, who was the brother
Of every living thing,
Could we to one another
Thy gracious message bring,

The world renewed, awaking,
Would shed the shattered, torn,
Grim night of its own making,
And pledge a peace reborn.

Fair land of dear desire
Thy beauty like a dream
Shall kindle and inspire
What all our souls would dream!

Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

Scribner's Magazine

A DREAM OF ENGLAND

Will it be still the old land,
The land we used to know,
Where the hawthorn hedges blossom,
And trellised roses glow?

Will giant billows shatter
Their foaming bulks of green
Around the jagged Cornwall cliffs
And up the bays between?

Will Dartmoor still be sombre
In purples and in browns?
Will summer send an ecstasy
Along the Sussex downs?

Will tranquil Isis linger
On many a silvern reach,
By pensive spire and burly tower,
And copse of oak and beech?

Will Warwick wear a broidered smock,
Fine-stitched with white and gold?
Will Yorkshire moors roll Scotlandward
In fold on dusky fold?

Will England be that England,
Unblasted by the war,
With coast and heath and countryside
As lovely as before?

The Nation *Charles Wharton Stork*

AVON MEMORIES

Gaffer Perks on his chain of land
Smokes his pipe in the church's shadow;
An old Brown Bess in his gnarled left hand
And a tilting eye for rooks that fly
From the trees down by the holme meadow.

And the Avon flows silently, gently down,
Passing on, passing on,
With leaves from the elms of Stratford town,
And Godfrey's Bell tolls gloomily.

The long fields surge with dark-green wheat;
Knee-deep meadows softly sway;
The Cotswolds glow with copper flame
And the gale dies with the dying day.

A nightingale begins to sing —
Or is it the voice of one I knew
In a long-departed spring
When in the twilight by the river
We saw the quivering new moon rise,
And sat upon the quaint old stile
And could not meet each other's eyes?

I hear the voices of wandering lovers,
Round in the willow-hidden bends,
Here and there a silent shape
Crouches low in the reedy covers.
So it was in olden times
When the cowled freres came
And fished by dreamy Avonside,
And heard the nightingale begin
With the first convent chimes.

Slow . . . Low . . .
Through the dewy gloom
Music falls from the grey, old towers
Upon knighthood's crumbled tomb
And hidden fields of flowers:
It is a land of dreams,
Dark hills and magic moors,
Of Druid oaks, and streams
Flowing to ancient shores.

There is a mystery here in the dusky lanes
About that time when the May-bloom falls;
For, when the eye sees no thing pass,
There is sound of feet upon the grass:
Riffle of lace and shirr of satin,
Lilt of French and drone of Latin,
And ring of steel on vanished walls;
And, at times, in the pulsing quiet,
Hedges quiver with ghostly riot
Of mad, barbaric strains
From buried banquet halls.

This is a land where queens have journeyed
In blossoming-orchard-times of old
To music of rich pageantry,
Through the valley riding down
With passing glint of gold.

From Tewkesbury up to Stratford town,
In the keep of Bredon hill,
If in dark of dawn you listen,
You can hear the shrill
Piping of the morris dancers
On the winding river road;
You may see the spangles glisten
Though the dancers' feet are still.

And if you were not born among
Avon's scattered fairy rings,
And cannot see the elvery
Nor hear the pagan strings,
Still, when from straw-thatched cottage roofs
The slow blue wreaths arise
In the dim hush of April morns
Like breath of sacrifice,
And the dark hills encircle you around,
What need to whisper to the wise
That this is haunted ground?
Ripples in the shallows by the bridge
Where the road goes up to Cropthorne on the hill,
Summer haze and ladysmocks
And the clack of Fladbury mill . . .

Cackle of grey geese in the meadows,
And gold and purple mists upon it all,
And cows going home through the shadows
That softly, softly fall.

Hark! Hark! Godfrey's Bell!
Far, how far, it seems;
Still it tolls for Avon's souls,
A grim and steady Saxon knell,
And now, it tolls my dreams.

Youth, Poetry of Today *Leyland Huckfield*

THE CITY

I

VILLAGE FANTASY — THE QUEST

Outside we heard the January wind
Come down the alley where our feet had sinned
By leading us. We heard it at the door
Where we had come, but thought of it no more,
Until it came again and shook the latch.
And then we only laughed because a match
That someone struck was suddenly blown out,
Just laughed and said that ghosts must be about,
We pounded on the table for a drink
And caught a distant promissory clink
Of glasses from the bar room down the hall.
We heard the wind again along the wall,
Outside the window this time, felt a draught
Sweep through the room, but this time no one laughed.
Instead we looked at where the door stood wide
And saw a lovely woman step inside
And turn to tell a man to follow her,
As though they rather wondered where they were.

The two went to a table where the smoke
From all our cigarets, as if to cloak
Their presences, moved slowly at a sign
Of wind that lingered, letting us divine
Uncertainly their smiles at one another,
Whether he be lover, friend, or brother,
What they drank, or why, or even when.
And though we would resume our talk again
It was about a wind that each one thought,
A wind and what that — what a chance had brought!
(A chance, of course; who doubted it — a chance.

The rest was just a wintry circumstance!)
It was not long then till we heard the start
Of sudden music from that darkened part
Of Tim's back room, of music swift and sweet,
A rhythm half barbaric that our feet
Must follow though our hearts take up with fear.

And then we saw the woman drawing near,
Swaying with the music as she came,
Singing with her lips a double flame.
A song of some fair city where the ways
Were endless and the nights were holidays.
And we forgot the crying violin
The while we watched the whirling dancer spin
The pattern of her dance upon the floor,
The while we listened as she sang us more
Of multitudes, of laden ships, of great
Emotions' hundred heights of love and hate.
She took us up the crowded avenue
And led us down the by-streets that she knew
And interspersed a verse or two of pain,
Until her song was still, till its refrain
Went silent on the strings. Behind my chair
I sensed her presence, felt her standing there.

We saw the violinist lay aside
His violin, with tenderness half pride,
And with his head upon the table fall
Asleep, as though 'twere some recessional
That he had played, recessional of life
Itself, or love, or sin, or all the strife
The city held of which she sang. And she?
She did not ask that I should rise and flee.
She only let, in passing me, her hand
Fall on my shoulder softly, let a strand
Of ribbon brush my cheek, and she was gone.

And though a wind at night or stars at dawn
Gave hint of her, though long I sought, I never
Found her after. Though I seek forever,
I might gain at most a far-off sound
Of music, sound of laughter, on the ground
A petal that had fallen from her hair,
Or violin, outworn, left lying there.
And I have thought of him she left in slumber,
Thought of all the others, of their number,
Thought how few who found her found their doom
So happy as to wake in Tim's back room.

II

THE CITY

And now I roam the wide and thronging square;
And now a street where dingy houses stare
In silence on me as I hurry by,
Their shades drawn close against the friendly sky,
Drawn close against the trees, forbidding me.
But I have never known desire to see
Behind those blinds, content to speculate
On things that could not be.

So satiate
With beauty do I grow in crowded places
That in my sleep I count a thousand faces
Viewing me with enigmatic eyes.
And I have never cared to realize
What mysteries compressed the lips that passed,
What secrets moved them, smiling or aghast.
For I have been too lost within the crowd,
This unreality that speaks aloud
No word, but whispers, whispers on, and seems
A cloud of sleep with rainy eyes of dreams.

So often still I wonder where she went,
She whom I followed, whom the city sent
To find me, whom I sought and could not find.
I wonder who she is, of what strange mind
Or spirit, in what place or mood she dwells.
Yet she is gone, no longer now compels
Pursuit of her, although I think her near
Within this city that I love and fear,
Just as I loved and feared so long ago
The music that she sang, that haunted so.

I see the throngs go in a room to dine,
I start away alone to enter mine.
But always I return to watch the faces,
Have them sweep me on to other places,
Close to me, far-off, and close again,
Women, little children, and the men.

And then at night, at night, I love to walk
Where buildings rise like pale white towers of chalk
And where below my shadow creeps with me,
When down the street as far as I can see
There is no living thing and I alone
Am lost within this labyrinth of stone.
I love to wander where the ways are dark
And where there is no light or sign to mark
Where I am going hither, whence I came,
And where there is no voice or any name.

And so it shall be always to the last.
Whoever come for me, however fast
They follow where I go, they must return
Without me in the end. And they shall learn
That I shall be henceforward just a pale
Remembrance of a face, with lips that fail

To answer and with eyes that turn away,
One listening, for what no one can say.

Detroit Sunday News *Stirling Bowen*

SOUTH STATE STREET, CHICAGO

I

Rows of blankly box-like buildings
Raise their sodden architecture
Into the poised lyric of the sky.
At their feet, pawn-shops and burlesque theaters
Yawn beneath their livid confetti.
In the pawn-shop windows, violins,
Cut-glass bowls and satchels mildly blink
Upon the mottled turbulence outside,
And sit with that detached assurance
Gripping things inanimate.
Near them, slyly shaded cabarets
Stand in bland and ornate sleep,
And the glassy luridness
Of penny-arcades flays the eyes.
The black crowd clatters like an idiot's wrath.

II

Wander with me down this street
Where the spectral night is caught
Like moon-paint on a colorless lane . . .
On this corner stands a woman
Sleekly, sulkily complacent,
Like a tigress nibbling bits of sugar.
At her side, a brawny, white-faced man
Whose fingers waltz upon his checkered suit,
Searches for one face amidst the crowd.

(His smile is like a rambling sword.)
His elbows almost touch a snowy girl
Whose body blooms with cool withdrawal.
From her little nook of peaceful scorn
She casts unseeing eyes upon the crowd.

Near her stands a weary newsboy
With a sullenly elfin face.
The night has leaned too intimately
On the frightened scampering of his soul.
But to this old, staidly patient woman
With her softly wintry eyes,
Night bends down in gentle revelation
Undisturbed by joy or hatred.
At her side, two factory girls
In slyly jaunty hats and swaggering coats,
Weave a twinkling summer with their words:
A summer where the night parades
Rakishly, and like a gold Beau Brummel.
With a gnome-like impudence
They thrust their little, pink tongues out
At men who sidle past.
To them, the frantic dinginess of day
Has melted to caressing restlessness
Tingling with the pride of breasts and hips.
At their side two dainty, languid girls
Playing with their suavely tangled dresses,
Touch the black crowd with unsearching eyes.
But the old man on the corner,
Bending over his cane like some tired warrior
Resting on a sword, peers at the crowd
With the smouldering disdain
Of a King whipped out of his domain.
For a moment he smiles uncertainly,
Then wears a look of frail sternness.

Musty, Rabelaisian odors stray
From this naively gilded family-entrance
And make the body of a vagrant
Quiver as though unseen roses grazed him.
His face is blackly stubbled emptiness
Swerving to the rotted prayers of eyes.
Yet, sometimes his thin arm leaps out
And hangs a moment in the air,
As though he raised a violin of hate
And lacked the strength to play it.
A woman lurches from the family-entrance.
With tense solicitude she hugs
Her can of beer against her stunted bosom
And mumbles to herself.
The trampled blasphemy upon her face
Holds up, in death, its watery, barren eyes.
Indifferently, she brushes past the vagrant:
Life has peeled away her sense of touch.

III

With groping majesty, the endless crowd
Pounds its searching chant of feet
Down this tawdrily resplendent street.
People stray into a burlesque theatre
Framed with scarlet, blankly rotund girls.
Here a burly cattle raiser walks
With the grace of wind-swept prairie grass.
Behind him steps a slender clerk
Tendering his sprightly stridency
To the stolid, doll-like girl beside him.
At his side a heavy youth
Dully stands beneath his swaggering mask;
And a smiling man in black and white
Walks, like some Pierrot grown middle-aged.
Mutely twinkling fragments of a romance:

Tiny lights stand over this cabaret.
Men and women jovially emboldened
Stroll beneath the curtained entrance,
And their laughs, like softly brazen cowbells,
Change the scene to a strange pastoral.
Hectic shepherdesses drunk with night,
Women mingle their coquettish colors.
Suddenly, a man leaps out
From the open doorway's blazing pallor,
Smashing into the drab sidewalk.
His lips and eyelids break apart
And make a clown in sudden suicide . . .
Then the mottled nakedness
Of the scene comes, like a blow.

Stoically crushed in hovering grey
Night lies coldly on this street.
Momentary sounds crash into night
Like ghostly curses stifled in their birth. . . .
And over all the blankly box-like buildings
Raise their sodden architecture
Into the poised lyric of the sky.

Reedy's Mirror *Maxwell Bodenheim*

THE OLD ROMAN ROAD

England is a peaceful land. a land of long ago;
The stars that look on England watch her children
come and go —
Saxon, Norman, Briton, the stars for them have
glowed —
A thousand years from us they shone upon the Roman
Road.

The English sun is high above the daisy dales and dells,
And Summer's on the land like the music of far bells,—
Poppies red among the wheat,— and ripe grass mowed,
Where the sound of ancient battles died along the Roman Road.

When Hadrian made a barrier at the ending of the world,
And the great name of Rome at the savage Picts was hurled,
The high gods of Latium found a new abode,
And Jupiter the Thunderer ruled the Roman Road.

The old Roman Road, the old Roman Road,
A way of wonder to the lad who would not stay at home,
Who wearied of his villa in the soft Italian land,
And kissed his lady mother and faced northward out of Rome.

Ah! life was young in Britain, and wander-gold was there,
And glory to be gained with a love-rose in her hair —
But for young Patrician Pontius adventure was the goad,
When he won to white Londinium and took the Roman Road.

Up past Eboracum marched legions out of Gaul,
Through the heart of Britain, to guard the northern wall —
Every town was brisk with trade as swinging by they strode

Marching, marching, marching on the old Roman Road.

Governors in purple, dancing girls in red,
Wanderers from all the world along this road were led —
Thirsty troopers tramping with spear and shield for load,
And campfires at night all along the Roman Road.

By the old Roman Road where the legions marched along,
The ploughboy finds a rusty coin and sells it for a song,
And where the flashing chariot creaked beneath its load
The gypsy tinker's cart jogs by along the Roman Road.

Hoyt Cooper

The Midland,
A Magazine of the Middle West

THE MARKET TOWN

When I was ill in the long ago
That lately seems so nigh,
They placed a mirror before me so
I could see the passersby;
Market women and trading men,
Children and ballad singers,
Farmers coming to town and then
The noisy auction ringers

With their "Hark, ye! Hark, ye!
At twelve o' the clock in Ballinaree —

Twenty acres of turbary land
To be sold at the fall of the hand."

Again I'm buried deep in bed,
But in this looking glass
I see the folk who passed instead
Of those who now may pass;
Market women and trading men,
Children and auction ringers,
Farmers coming to town and then
The welcome ballad singers

With their "Hark, ye! Hark, ye!
The Blushing Rose of Ballinaree —
Twenty verses of a ballad made
For the best of the Dublin trade."

Maybe a moon in another sky
Shall be as a mirror so
It might reflect the world which I
Would still desire to know;
Market women and trading men,
Children and ballad singers,
Farmers coming to town and then
The rambling notice ringers

With their "Hark, ye! Hark, ye!
At twelve o' the clock in Ballinaree —
A ploughing match with a guinea's prize
For the skill of your hands and eyes."

N. Y. Sun Books and Book World — *Francis Carlin*

THE NEGRO DANCERS

I

Lit with cheap colored lights a basement den,
With rows of chairs and tables on each side,
And, all about, young, dark-skinned women and men
Drinking and smoking, merry, vacant-eyed.
A Negro band, that scarcely seems awake,
Drones out half-heartedly a lazy tune,
While quick and willing boys their orders take
And hurry to and from the near saloon.
Then suddenly a happy, lilting note
Is struck, the walk and hop and trot begin,
Under the smoke upon foul air afloat;
Around the room the laughing puppets spin
To sound of fiddle, drum and clarinet,
Dancing, their world of shadows to forget.

II

'Tis best to sit and gaze; my heart then dances
To the lithe bodies gliding slowly by,
The amorous and inimitable glances
That subtly pass from roguish eye to eye,
The laughter gay like sounding silver ringing,
That fills the whole wide room from floor to ceiling,—
A rush of rapture to my tried soul bringing —
The deathless spirit of a race revealing.
Not one false step, no note that rings not true!
Unconscious even of the higher worth
Of their great art, they serpent-wise glide through
The syncopated waltz. Dead to the earth
And her unkindly ways of toil and strife,
For them the dance is the true joy of life.

III

And yet they are the outcasts of the earth,
  A race oppressed and scorned by ruling man;
How can they thus consent to joy and mirth
  Who live beneath a world-eternal ban?
No faith is theirs, no shining ray of hope,
  Except the martyr's faith, the hope that death
Some day will free them from their narrow scope
  And once more merge them with the infinite breath.
But, oh! they dance with poetry in their eyes
  Whose dreamy loveliness no sorrow dims,
And parted lips and eager, gleeful cries,
  And perfect rhythm in their nimble limbs.
    The gifts divine are theirs, music and laughter;
    All other things, however great, come after.

The Liberator — *Claude McKay*

SARK OF THE LEEWARDS

"The wreck of all that's solid, big and fine,"
The skipper groaned. "Ten years ago, to dine
With Sark redeemed whole months in ports like this.
I never met a man so grand with dreams. . . .
Jove! When he talked, his eyes would send out gleams
Brighter than island fireflies. But his wife,
She'd squat there like a Carib-stone. No word
From her; just sullenness that sneered 'Absurd!'
Yet she was handsome in some nameless way. . . .
And now he's drinking, slacking, slipping down
To God knows what; still, miles above this town.
Tell him I sent you. Patois is his forte —

One of a score. He'll lend you any books
You need, and — don't confuse him with his looks!"

The townsfolk bored me, so I looked up Sark
One night. The weeds around his bungalow
Blotted the path. The garden seemed to grow
Haphazard; branches struck my face, one sweet,
Too sweet, a frangipani's. The whole porch
Was snarled with vines. No lights. I flashed my
torch,
Made out the door and knocked. A shuffling step,
And I was greeted with a slattern's "Well?"
A reddish wrapper was the woman's shell:
Her face I never really saw; her voice,
My business stated, rasped me with a "There!"

A finger as abruptly pointing where
A shadowy figure lounged. I coughed. It rose
Yawning, advanced, said thickly: "I am Sark,
If it is he you want." It was so dark
I all but missed the hand whose firm, strong grip
Denied the fumes whose presence proved him weak.
I hedged. No use. "Decent of you to seek
Me out like this. Come, try this Berbice chair!
The skipper sent you? Good! The skipper's friend
Would be *amicus certus in* — the end!"
This with a mirthless laugh. "A smoke? a drink?"
My cool refusal made him laugh again,
This time like sunlight when it braves March rain.

The woman did not linger. I was glad;
I would have never stuck it if she had,
And suddenly I felt his need cry to me
And knew that I must listen, though I fear
Mixed with the wish to help was that to hear.

His eyes — the skipper was correct — they blazed;
And I, I listened, startled, shaken, dazed
By all the splendors — more than speech was his —
By all the rocking splendors which rolled out
Funneled with flame, a gold-spun water-spout.
Such was his force, his swinging speed, his height,
Reaching from silt to star — until he broke
And sucked me down to share a stifling smoke
Through which dragged heavily his final words,
Pitiless, shameless, hopeless, first and last,
As if a god had turned iconoclast:
"She? It's the old, old story. Man's conceit
Hankers for what it fails to understand,—
The fascination of Fate's ampersand.
But, Fate, remember, is the weaker self
Made master of the will. So what I got
Is what I destined; what I am, a sot,
Only my own velleity in terms
Of liquor. For the choice was mine, and then
Again the choice was mine, all mine! Amen."

Richard Butler Glaenzer

The Midland,
A Magazine of the Middle West

HARRY HAWKER

So endlessly the gray-lipped sea
Kept me within his eye,
And lean he licked his hollow flanks
And followed up the sky.

I was the lark whose song was heard
When I was lost to sight,
I was the golden arrow loosed
To pierce the heart of night.

I fled the little earth, I climbed
Above the rising sun,
I met the morning in a blaze
Before my hour was gone.

I ran beyond the rim of space
Its reins I flung aside,
Laughter was mine and mine was youth
And all my own was pride.

So endlessly the gray-lipped sea
Kept me within his eye
And lean he licked his hollow flanks
And followed up the sky.

From end to end I knew the way
I had no doubt nor fear;
The minutes were a forfeit paid
To fetch the landfall near.

But all at once my heart I held,
My carol frozen died,
A white cloud laid her cheek to mine
And wove me to her side.

Her icy fingers clasped my flesh,
Her hair drooped in my face,
And up we fell and down we rose
And twisted into space.

So endlessly the gray-lipped sea
Kept me within his eye
And lean he licked his hollow flanks
And followed up the sky.

Laughter was mine and mine was youth,
I pressed the edge of life,
I kissed the sun and faced the wind,
I found immortal strife.

Out of myself I spent myself,
I lost the mortal share,
My grave is in the ashen plain,
My spirit in the air.

Goodbye, sweet pride of man that flew,
Sweet pain of man that bled,
I was the lark that spilled his heart,
The golden arrow sped.

So endlessly the gray-lipped sea
Kept me within his eye
And lean he licked his hollow flanks
And followed up the sky.

The New Republic *Francis Hackett*

JANE ADDAMS

Remember Botticelli's Fortitude
In the Uffizi? — The worn, waiting face;
The pale, fine-fibred hands upon the mace;
The brow's serenity, the lips that brood,
The vigilant, tired patience of her mood?
There was a certain likeness I could trace
The day I heard her in a country place,
Talking to knitting women about Food.

Through cool statistics glowed the steady gleam
Of that still undismayed, interned desire;

But — strength and stay, and deeper than the dream —
The two commands that she is pledged to keep
In the red welter of a world on fire,
Are, " What is that to thee? " and " Feed my sheep! "

The Atlantic Monthly *Ruth Comfort Mitchell*

WITH THE TIDE

[*Written on the day after Theodore Roosevelt's death*]

Somewhere I read, in an old book whose name
Is gone from me, I read that when the days
Of a man are counted, and his business done,
There comes up the shore at evening, with the tide,
To the place where he sits, a boat —
And in the boat, from the place where he sits, he sees,
Dim in the dusk, dim and yet so familiar,
The faces of his friends long dead; and knows
They come for him, brought in upon the tide,
To take him where men go at set of day.
Then rising, with his hands in theirs, he goes
Between them his last steps, that are the first
Of the new life — and with the ebb they pass,
Their shaken sail grown small upon the moon.

Often I thought of this, and pictured me
How many a man who lives with throngs about him,
Yet straining through the twilight for that boat
Shall scarce make out one figure in the stern,
And that so faint its features shall perplex him
With doubtful memories — and his heart hang back.
But others, rising as they see the sail
Increase upon the sunset, hasten down,

Hands out and eyes elated; for they see
Head over head, crowding from bow to stern,
Repeopling their long loneliness with smiles,
The faces of their friends; and such go forth
Content upon the ebb tide, with safe hearts.

But never
To worker summoned when his day was done
Did mounting tide bring in such freight of friends
As stole to you up the white wintry shingle
That night while they that watched you thought you
slept.
Softly they came, and beached the boat, and gathered
In the still cove under the icy stars,
Your last-born, and the dear loves of your heart,
And all men that have loved right more than ease,
And honor above honors; all who gave
Free-handed of their best for other men,
And thought their giving taking: they who knew
Man's natural state is effort, up and up —
All these were there, so great a company
Perchance you marveled, wondering what great ship
Had brought that throng unnumbered to the cove
Where the boys used to beach their light canoe
After old happy picnics —

But these, your friends and children, to whose hands
Committed, in the silent night you rose
And took your last faint steps —
These led you down, O great American,
Down to the Winter night and the white beach,
And there you saw that the huge hull that waited
Was not as are the boats of the other dead,
Frail craft for a brief passage; no, for this
Was first of a long line of towering transports,
Storm-worn and ocean-weary every one,

The ships you launched, the ships you manned, the ships
That now, returning from their sacred quest
With the thrice-sacred burden of their dead,
Lay waiting there to take you forth with them,
Out with the ebb tide, on some farther quest.

Edith Wharton,
Saturday Evening Post *Hyères, Jan. 7, 1919*

AT SAGAMORE HILL

All things proceed as though the stage were set
For acts arranged. I have not learned the part,
The day enacts itself. I take the tube,
Find daylight at Jamaica, know the place
Through some rehearsal, all the country know
Which glides along the window, is not seen
For definite memory.

At Oyster Bay

A taxi stands in readiness; in a trice
We circle strips of water, slopes of hills,
Climb where a granite wall supports a hill.
A mass of blossoms, ripening berries, too,
And enter at a gate, go up a drive,
Shadowed by larches, cedars, silver willows.
This taxi just ahead is in the play,
Is here in life as I had seen it in
The crystal of prevision, reaches first
The porte cochere. This moment from the door
Comes Roosevelt, and greets the man who leaves
The taxi just ahead, then waits for me,
Puts a strong hand that softens into mine,
And says, "O, this is bully!"

We go in.
He leaves my antecessor in a room
Somewhere along the hall, and comes to me
Who wait him in the roomy library.
"How are those lovely daughters? Oh, by George!
I thought I might forget their names.— I know —
It's Madeline and Marcia. Yes, you know
Corinne adores the picture which you sent
Of Madeline.— Your boy, too? In the war!
That's bully — tea is coming — we must talk,
I have five hundred things to ask you. Set
The tea things on this table, Anna.— Now,
Do you take sugar, lemon? O, you smoke!
I'll give you a cigar."

The talk begins.
He's dressed in canvas khaki, flannel shirt,
Laced boots for farming. chopping trees, perhaps;
A stocky frame, curtains of skin on cheeks
Drained slightly of their fat; gash in the neck
Where pus was emptied lately; one eye dim,
And growing dimmer; almost blind in that.
And when he walks he rolls a little like
A man whose youth is fading, like a cart
That rolls when springs are old. He is a moose,
Scarred, battered from the hunters, thickets, stones;
Some finest tips of antlers broken off,
And eyes where images of ancient things
Flit back and forth across them, keeping still
A certain slumberous indifference
Or wisdom, it may be.

But then the talk!
Bronze dolphins in a fountain cannot spout
More streams at once: Of course the war, the emperor,
America in the war, his sons in France,

The dangers, separation, let them go!
The fate has been appointed — to our task,
Live full our lives with duty, go to sleep!
" For I say," he exclaims, " the man who fears
To die should not be born, nor left to live."
It's Celtic poetry, ree verse; he says
" You nobly celebrate in your Spoon River
The pioneers, the soldiers of the past;
Why do you flout our Philippine adventure? "
" No difference, Colonel, in the stock; the difference
Lies in the causes." Well, another stream:
Mark Hanna, Quay and others. " What I hate,"
He says to me, " is the Pharisee — I can stand
All other men. And you will find the men
So much maligned had gentle qualities,
And noble dreams. Poor Quay, he loved the Indians.
Sent for me when he lay there dying, said,
' Look after such a tribe when I am dead.
I want to crawl upon a sunny rock
And die there like a wolf.' " " Did he say that,
Colonel, to you? " " Yea! and you know, a man
Who says a thing like that has in his soul
An orb of light to flash that meaning forth
Of heroism, nature."

Time goes on,
The play is staged, must end; my taxi comes
In half an hour or so. " Before it comes
Let's walk about the farm and see my corn."
A fellow on the porch is warming heels
As we go by. " I'll see him when you go,"
The Colonel says.

The railfence by the corn
Is good to lean on as we stand and talk
Of farming, cattle, country life. We turn,

Sit for some moments in a garden house
On which a rose vine clambers all in bloom,
And from this hilly place look at the strips
Of water from the bay, a mile beyond,
Below some several terraces of hills
Where firs and pines are growing. This resembles
A scene in Milton that I've read. He knows,
Catches the reminiscence, quotes the lines —and then
Something of country silence, look of grass
Where the wind stirs it, mystical little breaths
Coming between the roses; something, too,
In Vulcan's figure; he is Vulcan, too,
Deprived his shop, great bellows, hammer, anvil,
Sitting so quietly beside me, hands
Spread over knees; something of these evokes
A pathos, and immediately in key
With all of this he says: "I have achieved
By labor, concentration; not at all
By gifts or genius, being commonplace
In all my faculties."

"Not all," I say.
"One faculty is not — your over-mind,
Eyed front and back to see all faculties,
Govern and watch them. If we let you state
Your case against you, timid born, you say,
Becoming brave; asthmatic, growing strong;
No marksman, yet becoming skilled with guns;
No gift of speech, yet winning golden speech;
No gift of writing, writing books, no less
Of our America to thrill and live —
If, as I say, we let you state your case
Against you as you do, there yet remains
This over-mind, and that is what — a gift
Of genius or of what?"

"By George," he says,
"What are you, a theosophist?"

"I don't know.
I know some men achieve a single thing,
Like courage, charity, in this incarnation;
You have achieved some twenty things. I think
That this is going some for a man whose gifts
Are commonplace and nothing else."

We rise
And saunter toward the house — and there's the man
Still warming heels; my taxi, too, has come.
We are to meet next Wednesday in New York
And finish up some subjects — he has thoughts
How I can help America, if I drop
This line or that a little, all in all.

* * * * * * *

But something happens; I have met a loss;
Would see no one, and write him I am off.
And on that Wednesday flashes from the war
Say Quentin has been killed: we had not met
If I had stayed to meet him.

So, good-by
Upon the lawn at Sagamore was good-by.

Master of Properties, you stage the scene
And let us speak and pass into the wings!
One thing was fitting — dying in your sleep.
A touch of Nature, Colonel! You who loved
And were beloved of Nature, felt her hand
Upon your brow at last to give to you
A bit of sleep, and after sleep — perhaps

Rest and rejuvenation — you will wake
To newer labors, fresher victories
Over those faculties not disciplined
As you desired them in these sixty years.

Chicago Evening Post *Edgar Lee Masters*

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

The world is what it is, no more nor less;
And we who live in it and laugh or sigh
Must walk the plank while other ships go by
With men aboard in search of happiness,
Fleeing before the lash of life's duress.
And so, jeered on by pirate laughs, we die,
And raise bewildered faces to a sky
That seems to mock our haltered helplessness.

God may be in his heaven; I don't know,
But we are dust of destiny, no more.
And when the winds of passion cease to blow,
Like dust we settle down upon the floor,
And then the housemaid comes into the room
And drives us forth with deft and busy broom.

N. Y. Sun *Edwin Carty Ranck*

JOHN MASEFIELD

MASEFIELD (HIMSELF)

I

God said, and frowned, as He looked on Shropshire
clay:
" Alone, 'twont do; composite, would I make
This man-child rare; 'twere well, methinks, to take
A handful from the Stratford tomb, and weigh
A few of Shelley's ashes; Bunyan may
Contribute, too, and, for my sweet Son's sake,
I'll visit Avalon; then, let me slake
The whole with Wyclif-water from the Bay.

A sailor, he! Too godly, though, I fear;
Offset it with tobacco! Next, I'll find
Hedge-roses, star-dust, and a vagrant's mind;
His mother's heart now let me breathe upon;
When west winds blow, I'll whisper in her ear:
'Apocalypse awaits him; call him John!' "

HIS PORTRAIT

II

A Man of Sorrows! with such haunted eyes,
I trow, the Master looked across the lake,—
Looked from the Judas-heart, so soon to make
Of Him the world's historic sacrifice;
Moreover, as I gaze, do more arise;
Great souls, great pallid ghosts of pain, who wake
And wander yet; all, weary men who brake
Their hearts; all hemlock-drunk, with growing wise:
Hudson adrift; Defoe; the Wandering Jew;
Tannhauser; Faust; Andrea; phantoms, all,

In Masefield's eyes you lodge; and to the wall
I turn you,— hand a-tremble,— lest you make
Of mine own stricken eyes a mirror, too,
Wherein the sad world's sadder for your sake.

HIS "DAUBER"

III

O Masefield's "Dauber!" You, who, being dead,
Yet speak: heroic, dauntless, flaming soul,
Too suddenly snuffed out! Here take fresh toll
Of cognizance, and, in your ocean bed,
Serenely rest, assured that who has read
What you would fain have pictured of the Pole
Would gladly match your part against the whole
Of many a modern artist, Paris-bred.

And more than this: if you, indeed, are *his*,
Then, by a dual truth, he, too, is yours;
For, marked and credited by what endures,
Were it the only thing which bears his name,
(O deathless Soul, I speak you true in this!)
"The Dauber" has brought Masefield to his fame.

HIS "GALLIPOLI"

IV

"Small wonder," speaks my pensive self, "that he
Whose passion 'tis to sing of men who fail,—
(Belabored, broken by The Unseen Flail)
Small wonder that he makes *Gallipoli*
His fervent text, for could there be
A costlier failure in Earth's shuddering tale?
Think of heroic Sulva's bloody swale;
Of Anzac's tortured thirst and agony!"

But, as I read, protesting voices cry: *"Not we,*
Not we, who fell among the daffodils,
Who conquered Death among those blistered hills,
And found our glory after mortal pain;
Not we who failed and lost Gallipoli;
The sad, strange failure theirs who mourn in vain!"

HIS MEED

V

So, Masefield, have your royal words once more
Called forth the praise of men, where praise is due;
Your great elegiac, tragically true,
Must leave all Britain prouder than before;
And, spite of all that breaking hearts deplore,
And all that anguished consciences must rue,
One arrowed gladness surely pierces through
From London's centre to Canadian shore:

When England, sobbing, mourns Gallipoli,
When warm tears flow for Rupert Brooke
And all the splendid Youth her error took
As hostage from the fields of daffodils,
Let this a present, living solace be:
You are not sleeping in those cruel hills!

The Stratford Journal *Amy Bridgman*

THE MAN OF THE MARNE

The gray battalions were driving down
Like snow from the North on Paris Town.
Dread and panic were in the air,
The fate of empires hung by a hair.

With the world in the balance, what shall decide?
How stem the sweep of the conquering tide?
God of Justice, be not far
In this our hour of holy war!
In one man's valor, where all were men,
The strength of a people was gathered then.

"My right is weakened, my left is thin,
My center is almost driven in,"
The soul of a patriot spoke through the hush,
"I shall advance," said General Foch.

Forth from Paris to meet the storm
They rushed like bees in an angry swarm.
By motor and lorry and truck they came
Swift as the wind and fierce as flame.
Papa Joffre knew the trick
Of stinging hot and hard and quick.
Not for ambition and not for pride,
For France they fought, for France they died,
Striking the blow of the Marne that hurled
The barbarians back and saved the world.
The German against that hope forlorn
Broke his drive like a crumpled horn.
Their right was weakened, their left was thin,
Their center was almost driven in;
When the tide of battle turned with a rush —
For France was there — and Ferdinand Foch.

Not since Garibaldi's stroke
Freed his land from the Austrian yoke,
And Italy after a thousand years
Walked in beauty among her peers;
Not since Nelson followed the star
Of Freedom to triumph at Trafalgar
On the tossing floor of the Western seas;

No, not since Miltiades
Fronted the Persian hosts and won
Against the tyrant at Marathon,
Has a greater defender of liberty
Stood and struck for the cause than he,
Whose right was weakened, whose left was thin,
Whose center was almost driven in,
But whose iron courage no fate could crush
Nor hinder. "I shall advance," said Foch.
We who are left to carry the fray
For civilization on to-day,
The war of the angels for goodly right
Against the devil of brutish might,—
The war for manhood, mercy, and love,
And peace with honor all price above,—
What shall we answer, how prepare,
For Destiny's challenge, *Who goes there?*
And pass with the willing and worthy to give
Life, that freedom and faith may live?
When promise and patience are wearing thin,
When endurance is almost driven in,
When our angels stand in a waiting hush,
Remember the Marne and Ferdinand Foch.

McClure's Magazine *Bliss Carman*

TOUL

Steadfast the hills of Toul,
Ever to northward gazing
Stand with a warrior's pride,
Unsleeping, steady eyed,
Over the broken plain their serried heads upraising.

Ancient, unwavering, armored from greave to helm,
Mighty as Right, and uncompromising as Truth;
Sternly you challenge each foe that would overwhelm,
Yet gather about your armor the warm green togas of youth.
Drawn to the friendly shadow where the hems of your garments are reaching,
Assemble the children of men, your wardenship shyly beseeching.
Timorous in their mortality they have thronged to the feet of the hills,
And your quiet immutable courage has nurtured their puny wills.

Towering twin spires pointing God-ward,
They alone, mighty hills, scarcely heed you,—
They seem in their faith not to need you,
But have 'stablished their gentle rule
Over the age-tinted roofs of the city of — Toul

Breached are the circling walls, crumbled and broken down,
Where the errorless guns of Time have battered the ancient town;
Bridging deep moats with the dust of eroding centuries past,
With fetters of root and vine binding each drawbridge fast.
And the hoary watch-towers stand facing across the keep,
Their eyelids filmed with moss and closed in a dreamless sleep.
Time bears no withered grudge, but is proven a kindly foe
Who smiles on the broken toys of the foemen of long ago.

He has seen them playing their games of war and
harked to their battle calls,
And marked them scooping their moats of sand and
rearing their pebble walls.
And he decks them now with his living wreaths, and
leaves them beautified
As monuments whereon men may gaze with a cleansed
and worthy pride.

Beyond the ancient city walls green undulating farm
lands reach,
Fields that have cherished all who toiled, and granted
simple gain to each.
Here peaceful folk, who yet have formed stern ranks
in war have steeled their wills;
A gentle folk. who yet have proved a kinship to their
steadfast hills.
And here amid their shattered homes the ready-
handed women toil,
And delve or reap, all undismayed, to keep the faith
with their own soil;
Though it be plowed as hell is plowed, nor ever
granted any rest,
Though day by day sees deeper wounds disfiguring
its generous breast;
And suns shine kindly on a foe who spares not fane
nor ancient rune,
And Death flies over in the night, directed by the
traitorous moon.
Stern sentries ribbed and girt with rock, though old
as Time, still standing fast,
Are these fresh scars in roof and field a proof you
fail your trust at last?

Moon mistress, here your lover-city lies,
Weary of war, and seeks an hour for dreams;

Sleeping he smiles 'neath your caressing beams —
Is there another lovelier in your eyes?
Oh calm Delilah in your white nun's garb,
What wanton's bribe has bought your soul away?
You lead the mad assassin to his prey
And guide the flight of that death-dealing barb.
You could betray him — he who couched his lance
As champion of beauty all his days.
You seem alight with faith. Yet as I gaze
Your light reveals the gaping wounds of France.

Twin spires of Toul, fretted against the sky —
A spirit-city's upward pointing fingers —
You tell of faith unwavering, still held high
Despite that Judas one whose pale light lingers
Upon your pinnacles. Not even Time
Has touched your forms in aught save love and awe.
And from your courtyard throbs a steady rime —
From feet of those that come to learn your law.
I hear them singing there within your door,—
Men from the gun-pit, women from the plow.
I hear your bells ring clearly as of yore
With tongues that never sang so sweet as now.
Fled is the foeman, faded every danger,
Gone is the blighting threat of foul misrule.
"We are Truth," the hills shout;
"We are Faith," the bells sing,

Clanging their song above the clustered roofs of Toul.

The North American Reciew *Burges Johnson*

BREST LEFT BEHIND

The sun strikes gold the dirty street,
The band blares, the drums insist,
And brown legs twinkle and muscles twist —
Pound! — Pound! — the rhythmic feet.
The laughing street-boys shout,
And a couple of hags come out
To grin and bob and clap.
Stiff rusty black their dresses,
And crispy white their Breton cap,
Prim on white, smooth tresses.

Wait! . . . Wait! . . . While dun clouds droop
Over the sunlit docks,
Over the wet gray rocks
And mast of steamer and sloop,
And the old squat towers,
Damp gray and mossy brown,
Where lovely Ann looked down
And dreamed rich dreams through long luxurious
hours.

Sudden and swift, it rains!
Familiar, fogging, gray;
It blots the sky away
And cuts the face with biting little pains.
We grunt and poke shoes free of muddy cakes,
Watching them messing out
Upon the dock in thick brown lakes —
"No more French mud!" the sergeant cries,
And someone swears, and someone sighs,
And the neat squads swing about.

Silent the looming hulk above —
No camouflage this time —

She's white and tan and black!
Hurry, bend, climb,
Push forward, stagger back!
How clean the wide deck seems,
The bunks, how trim;
And, oh, the musty smell of ships!
Faces are set and grim,
Thinking of months, this hope was pain;
And eyes are full of dreams,
And gay little tunes come springing to the lips —
Home, home, again, again!

She's moving now,
Across the prow
The dusk-soft harbor bursts
Into a shivering bloom of light
From warehouse, warship, transport, tramp,
And countless little bobbing masts
Each flouts the night
With eager boastful lamp —
Bright now, now dimmer, dimmer,
Fewer and fewer glimmer.
Only the lights that mark the passing shore,
Lofty and lonely star the gray —
Then are no more.

We are alone with dusk and creamy spray.

The captain coughs, remembering the rain.
The major coughs, remembering the mud.
Some shudder at the horror of dark blood,
Or wine-wet kisses, lewd.
Some sigh, remembering new loves and farewell pain.
Some smile, remembering old loves to be renewed.
Silent, we stare across the deepening night.

France vanishing! — Swift, swift, the curling
waves —
Fights and despair,
And faces, fair;
Proud heads held high
For Victory;
And flags above friends' graves.

The group buzzes, rustles, hums,
Then stiffens as the colonel comes,
A burly figure in the mellow light,
With haughty, kingly ways.
He does not scan the night,
Nor hissing spray that flies,
But his cold old glance plays
Along the level of our eyes.

"I don't see very many tears," he says.

Contemporary Verse *John Chipman Farrar*

PSYCHONEUROSES

The train sped through a tranquil countryside
Where sheep, that day, had grazed across the grass
With easy progress through the autumn sun.
Eight sprawling men lay in the small compartment
And dozed past fitful lurch and waking pain.

The night is grinding through my head,
Flat wheel, jolt and jar,
Banging at my temples hot,
Stinging needles, creaking car;
Jim's dizzy face, a blot —
And the quiet fields so far!

I know the doctors call us "nuts"—
  Oh, yes, I heard them say—
We're off for special treatment . . . well,
  I'll tell 'em 'bout the day
Artillery was falling short,
  And we pushed in the way.

Eight sprawling men lay in the small compartment,
Who jumped at every sudden roar and whistle
Flung past them by the brutal, leaping night.
The blue-globed lamp was dim and green and ghastly,
And greasy shadows crossed each twisted face.

There's Harry, nerves all gone, all gone—
  Was that a station bell?—
His hands are shaking all the time—
  I hope they make us well—
He hides his fists inside his coat,
  But the trembling pockets tell.

And Jim is worse than him, poor lad,
  He can't talk any more,
The shells have left him speechless
  And—Good God, don't slam that door!—
The sheep we passed this afternoon,
  They never heard of war.

Dick shouts to start a new attack,
  He says he's Colonel Dash.
Don't let him grab that can of beef,
  He'll break—*a sudden crash!*
The pounding blackness rushes in
  Above the broken sash.

The night rides grinding through my head,
  Flat wheel, jolt and jar,

Banging at my temples hot —
And the quiet fields so far!

N. Y. Sun Books and Book World — *Charles Divine*

GEE-UP DAR, MULES

He stood up in our khaki with the poise
Of perfect soldiership beneath the praise
Of the French officer. We caught the words,
"Conspicuous courage," "bringing wounded in,"
And "decorated with the cross of war."

Black-faced? Yes, just a nigger. Nine months since
He drove a span of bony cotton mules,
And never had been out of Jasper County
In Georgia, U. S. A.
They drafted him,
Shipped him to barracks, broke him into drill;
It was a changeling's life. I saw the lad
After his first three days in cantonment;
He had just finished polishing his teeth,—
Novel achievement, and he swung the brush
With beat ecstatic, chanting joyously:

"Lordy, lordy, got a toothbresh,
Lordy, lordy, got a toothbresh,
Lordy, lordy, got a toothbresh,
And I'll go to heaven on a-high!"

Perhaps he sings now of the service medal,
Or of some other meager badge or symbol
Out of that rich and shattering experience
Hurled round his simple soul. With hasty hand,

Life sweeps a loaded vivifying brush
Over his old dull past.

And yet, I like
To think he will come back to Jasper County;
I picture him in patched and faded denims;
Over the wagon wheel he mounts the seat,
Evens the lines so the lead team won't jerk,
Then all together the four nervous mules
Will straighten tugs, dig in their toes, and pull.
She shakes, she creaks, she rolls!
"Gee-up dar, mules!"

"General Foch is a fine old French,
He puts us niggers in a front line trench;
The barb-wire down, and the barrage begun,—
Boche sees a nigger, and the Boche he run,

O p' mourner!
You shall be free
When the good Lord sets you free!

"O, I hitched up the mules, and the mules worked fine;
I hitched 'em to that Hinnenburg line,
I drawed her back till I snapped her on the Rhine,
An' the boss come along, and he give me my time.
O po' mourner!
You shall be free
When the good Lord sets you free.
Gwan-n, mules! Gee-up dar, mules!"

Contemporary Verse *Edwin Ford Piper*

FOR POETS SLAIN IN WAR

Happy the poets who fell in magnificent ways!
Gayly they went in the pride of their blossoming days,
Each with his vision of Liberty, chanting its praise.

Seeger and Ledwidge and Pearse and Brooke and
Péguy —
Names that are songs in the saying, that surely shall
be
Laurelled among the immortals, for all men to see.

Lo, they were darlings of destiny! Weakly we shed
Even one tear that they lie at the barricades red,
Splendidly dead for the Patria, splendidly dead!

Ainslee's Magazine *Walter Adolphe Roberts*

THE COMMON SICK

All we had heard was of wounded men,
Of life which is crude and quick;
And then we came to the wards again,
To the plain, common sick.

(There is no splendor in their pain —
This is not new nor high —
Unless it be a splendid thing
Just to live and die.)

All through the years of fighting
These sick have been in bed.
They have not heard the shrapnel —
But silences instead.

Some are dulled with pain. They moan
And do not think of war.
And some lie still with quiet eyes
And hands, just as before.

Life is within the walls to them —
They live as a mystic would,
Holding it softly in their hands.
Who knows if they find it good?

From living they are very far,
Behind this veil of pain,
From joy and work and the spoken word
And dawn and fragrant rain;

But still they feel Life stirring, stirring,
The days come and go.
Life bare and stark and still like this
Only the sick can know.

This is sheer existence,
And a silence which stirs with truth.
All things merge to one — death
And life, and age and youth.

Here thought is a slow, divining thing,
Slow as the sea on stone.
Not made " by art or men's device "
Are the creeds they have shaped alone.

Would they care to play a game of sides,
If they could rise and fight,
When they know that all things made are one —
All Life, and day and night?

(There is no splendor in their pain —
This is not new nor high —
Unless it be a splendid thing
Just to live and die.)

Scribner's Magazine *Louise Townsend Nicholl*

DAYBREAK

Three years of night and nightmare, years of black
Hate and its murderous attack,
Three years of midnight terrors till the brain,
Beaten in the intolerable campaign,
Saw nothing but a world of driven men
And skies that never could be clean again;
Hot winds that tore the lungs, great gusts
Of rotting madness and forgotten lusts;
Hills draped with death; the beat of terrible wings;
Flowers that smelt of carrion; monstrous things
That crawled on iron bellies over trees
And swarmed in blood, till even the seas
Were one wet putrefaction, and the earth
A violated grave of trampled mirth.
What light there was, was only there to show
Intolerance delivering blow on blow,
Bigotry rampant, honor overborne,
And faith derided with a blast of scorn.
This was our daily darkness; we had thought
All freedom worthless and all beauty naught.
The eager, morning-hearted days were gone
When we took joy in small things: in the sun,
Tracing a delicate pattern through thick leaves,
With its long, yellow pencils; or blue eaves
Frosted with moonlight, and one ruddy star
Ringing against the night, a chime

Like an insistent, single rhyme;
Or see the full-blown moon stuck on a spar,
A puff-ball flower on a rigid stalk;
Or think of nothing better than to walk
With one small boy and listen to the war
Of waters pulling at a stubborn shore;
Or laugh to see the waves run out of bounds
Like boisterous and shaggy hounds;
Watching the stealthy rollers come alive,
And shake their silver manes and leap and dive;
Or listen with him to the voiceless talk
Of fireflies and daisies, feel the late
Dusk full of unheard music or vibrate
To a more actual magic, hear the notes
Of birds with sunset shaking on their throats;
Or watch the emerald and olive trees
Turn purple ghosts in dusty distances;
The city's kindling energy; the sweet
Pastoral of an empty street;
Foot-ball and friends; lyrics and daffodils;
The sovereign splendor of the marching hills —
These were all ours to choose from and enjoy
Until this foul disease came to destroy
The casual beneficence of life.

But now a thin edge, like a merciful knife,
Pierces the shadows, and a chiseling ray
Cuts the thick folds away.
Murmurs of morning, glad, awakening cries,
Hints of majestic rhythms, rise.
Dawn will not be denied. The blackness shakes,
And here a brand and there a beacon breaks
Into the glory that will soon be hurled
Over a cleared, rejuvenated world —
A world of bright democracies, of fair
Disputes, desires, and tolerance everywhere,

With laughter loose again, and time enough
To feel the warm-lipped and cool-fingered love,
With kindly passion lifted from the dead,
Where daylight shall be bountifully spread,
And darkness but a wide and welcome bed.

The Century Magazine *Louis Untermeyer*

DRUM TAPS TO HEAVEN

Peter at Heaven's Gate wearied of the game
('Twas old folks, old folks, shivering up the stair),
Spindle-shanks, wheezings, sparse and grizzled hair
When whooping, thundering, boys by millions came;
Blue eyes, black eyes, quivering eyes of flame
Short step, sharp step, swinging to a flare;
Torn breasts, rank hulks, through the shrapnel's glare.
Some were but shards and smears of the human frame
Each lad looked down — he'd heard a mother cry.
Each lad turned back — he'd heard a maiden sigh.
Peter did know — tows to the number seven.
(For these mad feet had danced the rigadoons of earth.
These shouting mouths had kissed beneath pale moons of earth),
" Brave boys," he laughed, " we'll have some life in Heaven! "
Rat-a-tat — rat-a-tat — tir-r-r-rah!
Rat-a-tat — rat-a-tat — tir-r-r-rah!
Rat-a-tat — rat-a-tat — tir-r-r-rah — tir-r-r-rah — tah-tah!

Flat yellow faces watched the sunset skies
(Sharp elbows nudged and eyes grew boldly rude);

While the grim twilight blotched with crimson, crude
Blood-drip of white boys storming Paradise.
Old yellow peoples saw their day rise:
Straight legs, quick brains, hashed to cannon-food
Lame lungs, weak wits, left to breed the brood.
Grunted the Orient, mocking, bland, and wise:
"Clang go the gold gates on husky daddies gone,
Rickets and drivel in your homes are born.
Bribe us to churches, bully us to schools,
Your weakling shall not cheat us in the marts of earth,
Your weaklings shall not strap us to the carts of earth,
O, blond-haired. blue-eyed, Nordic Race of Fools!"
Rat-a-tat — rat-a-tat — tir-r-r-rah!
Rat-a-tat — rat-a-tat — tir-r-r-rah!
Rat-a-tat — rat-a-tat — tir-r-r-rah — tah-tah!

The Nation *James Church Alvord*

ROUGE BOUQUET

In a wood they call the Rouge Bouquet
There is a new-made grave to-day,
Built by never a spade nor pick
Yet covered with earth ten metres thick.
There lie many fighting men,
Dead in their youthful prime,
Never to laugh nor love again
Nor taste the Summertime.
For Death came flying through the air
And stopped his flight at the dugout stair,
Touched his prey and left them there,
Clay to clay.
He hid their bodies stealthily
In the soil of the land they fought to free
And fled away.

Now over the grave abrupt and clear
  Three volleys ring;
And perhaps their brave young spirits hear
  The bugle sing:
"Go to sleep!
Go to sleep!
Slumber well where the shell screamed and fell.
Let your rifles rest on the muddy floor,
You will not need them any more.
Danger's past;
Now at last,
Go to sleep!"

There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave
Than this place of pain and pride
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.
Never fear but in the skies
Saints and angels stand
Smiling with their holy eyes
  On this new-come band.
St. Michael's sword darts through the air
And touches the aureole on his hair
As he sees them stand saluting there,
  His stalwart sons;
And Patrick, Brigid, Columkill
Rejoice that in veins of warriors still
  The Gael's blood runs.
And up to Heaven's doorway floats,
  From the wood called Rouge Bouquet,
A delicate cloud of buglenotes
  That softly say:
"Farewell!
Farewell!
Comrades true, born anew, peace to you!
Your souls shall be where the heroes are

And your memory shine like the morning-star.
Brave and dear,
Shield us here.
Farewell!"

Scribner's Magazine *Joyce Kilmer*

ROBERT CLAYTON WESTMAN OF MASSACHUSETTS

Died in France, August 10, 1919

I will make his name silver,
I will loose it to run
In terrible beauty
From earth to the sun.

I will cast it in bronze
And carve it in jade
And ring it in bells
That his memory made.

In beryl and jacinth,
In onyx and flame,
In pearl and chalcedony —
His beautiful name.

I will set it in rubies
Till it make the blood start,
And oh, I will wear it
In death on my heart!

Now you are dead, I have no more to fear,
Desire drops from me like a garment sore,
And there is no more scanning of the morning page,

For now my bird has split his golden cage
Beyond men's knowing, beyond my touching more —
Strange that so much should 'scape so small a door.

When others now cherish their little pains,
Sighing for roses down old country lanes,
And for love's nearness all the solemn night
In some dim corner where the hedge is white,
Wondering tomorrow who will stop cold lead,
They cannot see me when I smile instead.

For you are dead, ivory, red, and brown,
And all the dreams we builded have come down,
And all the brave high hopes beyond despair
Are netted now within your yellow hair,
And all the laughter in your happy eyes
Fades like blue violets beneath the unanswering skies.

Now let the guns their bitter bane releasing
Thunder their diapason without ceasing;
It will not be so very long till I
Meet my own archangel shattering the sky;
And till that summons, on my young, proud head
I wear your beauty, now that you are dead.

Chipilly Ridge near Amiens is where the glory fell
That showed the golden lad I love the fields of asphodel;
He did not stay to mind the gate, he lifted up his face
And knew the tender loveliness of heaven in that place.
He never knew the bullet that had struck him in the mouth,
He sighed a little weary sigh, and turned him to the south;

And then there stooped above him with burning love unpriced
The strong and gentle Saviour: "I knew you'd come, dear Christ."

I was his teacher on a time
Some happy seasons back,
Guiding his hands and mind to trace
Deep wisdoms that I lack.

Now dead in France, his tenderness
Enfolds me as the sea,
For I am like a little child
In wonder at his knee.

"Bobbie, I love you," is all my heart can say
No matter when I wake at night or wander in bright day;
I do not lift a stone in place or any simple thing
Without my shoulder feels your strength and all my pulses sing.

I know they tell me you are dead, yet we have things that keep
Beyond the bourne of sense and touch, beneath the tides of sleep;
For I have smiled into your face a dozen times each day
And through the intervals of speech I hear each word you say.

I know I need not write these words as witness of our faith
That met the Shadow ere he came and burst the dread of death;
Yet, oh it is a happy thing I cannot learn to keep

Who have you with me all the day and touch you
while I sleep!

Shallowest thoughts are soonest said,
But deepest thoughts are hidden,
Not often is our courage fed
With the word unbidden.

And so I prize the silences
With which your speech expresses
A something finer by that lack
Than any tongue confesses.

No words of mine could ever say
One half of what is true,
No reticence is graver than
The poem that is you.

Blest be the happy dead:
Where'er they lay their head.
Out-facers of pretence
Who have achieved indifference.

The Boston Transcript *Willard Wattles*

A VOLUNTEER'S GRAVE

Not long ago, it was a bird
In vacant lilac skies
Could stir the sleep that hardly closed
His laughing eyes.

But here where murdering thunders rock
The lintels of the dawn,

Altho they shake his shallow bed,
Yet he sleeps on.

Another spring with rain and leaf
And buds serenely red,
And this field will have forgot
Its youthful dead.

And, wise of heart, who loved him best
Will be forgetting, too,
Even before their own beds gleam
With heedless dew.

Yet what have all the centuries
Of purpose, pain, and joy
Bequeathed us lovelier to recall
Than this dead boy?

William Alexander Percy
The North American Review

AT PARTING

Bright summers fade, and all bright faces, too.
It seems but yesterday that by the lake
You stretched your brown length in the sun to bake,
Or drove against the waves in your canoe.
That summer Shakespeare lived again in you.
You cried with him at Harfleur, Henry's speech,
"Once more, dear friends, once more into the breach!"
Each day you went as Shakespeare's heroes do.
So when the bright world darkened with a war
You, the adventurer of dreams, aroused
As one who recognized his hour, and sped

Into the danger's very heart and core.
And now, farewell! They tell me you are housed
Among the deathless, whom they call the dead.

Harper's Magazine *Haniel Long*

WHISPERS

I was very shy once
And I dared not take
Anything of happiness
For fear my heart should break.

When the village lads came by
At the dim of day,
Once they whistled at the gate
Soon they went away.

And I never staked the cow
When the moon was new,
But I heard hushed whispers
From the early dew.

Now there are no whispers
And I do not meet
Jack or Allan any more
In the dusky street.

Only Madge goes by me
With a conscious glance:
In her breast I know she hides
A memory from France.

And Jenny never sees me
When she steals by night

To set a taper to the lad
  Who once could clasp so tight.

Only I walk lonely
  The road I dared not take,
And oh, the haunting whispers,
  And oh, the bitter ache!

McClure's Magazine — *Willard Wattles*

EPICEDIUM

(In Memory of America's Dead in the Great War)

No more for them shall Evening's rose unclose,
Nor Dawn's emblazoned panoplies be spread;
Alike, the Rain's warm kiss, and stabbing snows,
Unminded, fall upon each hallowed head.
But the Bugles, as they leap and wildly sing,
  Rejoice, . . . remembering.

The guns' mad music their young ears have known —
War's lullabies that moaned on Flanders Plain;
To-night the Wind walks on them, still as stone,
Where they lie huddled close as riven grain.
But the Drums, reverberating, proudly roll —
  They love a Soldier's soul!

With arms out-flung, and eyes that laughed at Death,
They drank the wine of sacrifice and loss;
For them a life-time spanned a burning breath,
And Truth they visioned, clean of earthly dross.
But the Fifes — can ye not hear their lusty shriek?
  They know, and now they speak!

The lazy drift of cloud, the noon-day hum
Of vagrant bees; the lark's untrammeled song
Shall gladden them no more, who now lie dumb
In Death's strange sleep, yet once were swift and strong.
But the Bells that to all living listeners peal,
With joy their deeds reveal!

They have given their lives, with bodies bruised and broken,
Upon their Country's altar they have bled;
They have left, as priceless heritage, a token
That Honor lives forever with the Dead.

And the Bugles, as their rich notes rise and fall —
They answer, knowing all.

N. Y. Times — *J. Corson Miller*

THE BAKING OF A MAN

(*An Indian Legend*)

"Sun," said Old Crow, with thunder scream that echoed to the sky,
"To-day Great Spirit makes his Man,
The masterpiece of all his plan,
And you must give us warmth and light, else new-born Man may die."

"What is this Man?" asked jealous Sun. "What do we need of him?
Great Spirit has made creatures fair
For all the waters, earth, and air.

I will not lend my fires to help along this foolish whim."

Up croaked Wise Raven: "Sun, be still, or the Great Spirit hears
Your wicked words; then will he steep
You in the quenching waters deep,
And change you into clouds and mist and everlasting tears!"

Madly the Sun glowed in his rage upon the smiling plain,
As with his hands Great Spirit scraped
The richest mud, and Chief Man shaped
According to his father wish, bestowing strength and brain.

Noontide, Great Spirit finished; then he smoked his pipe and slept.
So wicked Sun burned black the Man,
Who howled with pain and southward ran.
When Old Crow saw the charred Two-legs, he woke his lord, and wept.

Great Spirit, he was angry, but still loved his beauteous Sun.
Next day again his Man he made
And covered him with leaves, for shade,
That he might not be blackened by the envious Golden One.

Alas, leaves were too thick, and Man turned out a chalky sight,
And Raven and Old Crow were wroth,
And led him to the snowy north.
They wanted Man the proper hue — one neither black nor white.

Once more Great Spirit molded mud when Black and
White were sped.
He did not smoke or sleep or leave,
And watched Man bake from morn till eve.
Thus Man came forth the chosen shade — a noble,
copper red!

Ainslee's Magazine *D. E. Wheeler*

THE EVERLASTING RETURN

It is dark . . . so dark,
I remember the sun on Chios . . .
It is still . . . so still,
I hear the beat of our paddles on the Aegean . . .

Ten times we had watched the moon
Rise like a thin white virgin out of the waters
And round into a full maternity.
For thrice ten times we had touched no flesh
Save the man flesh on either hand
That was black and bitter and salt
And scaled by the sea.

The Athenian boy sat on my left.
His hair was yellow as corn steeped in wine.
On my right was Phildar, the Carthaginian,
Grinning Phildar
With his mouth pulled taut as by reins from his black
gapped teeth.
Many a whip had coiled about him
And his shoulders were rutted deep as wet ground
under chariot wheels
And his skin was red and tough as a bull's hide cured
in the sun.

He did not sing like the other slaves,
But when a big wind came up he screamed with it.
And always he looked out to sea,
Save when he tore at his fish ends
Or spat across me at the Greek boy whose mouth was red and apart like an opened fruit.

We had rowed from dawn
And the green valley hard at our stern.
(She was green and squat and skulked close to the sea.)
All day the tish of their paddles had tickled our ears,
And when night came on
And little naked stars paddled in the water
And half the crouching moon
Slid over the silver belly of the sea, thick-scaled with light,
We heard them singing at their oars —
We who had no breath for song.

There was no sound in our boat
Save the clingle of wrist chains
And the sobbing of the young Greek.
I cursed him that his hair blew in my mouth, tasting salt of the sea . . .
I cursed him that his oar kept ill time . . .
When he looked at me I cursed him again —
That his eyes were soft like a woman's.

How long
Since their last shell gouged our batteries?
How long
Since we rose to aim with a sleuth moon astern?
. . . It was the damned green moon that nosed us out.

The moon flushed our periscope till it shone like a
silver flame . . .
They looked each man's right hand
As the galley spent on our decks . . .
Amazed and bloodied we reared half up
And fought askew with the left hand shackled.
But a zigzag fire leapt in our sockets
And knotted our thews like string . . .
Our thews were stiff as a crooked spine that would
not straighten . . .

How long
Since our gages fell
And the sea shoved us under?
It is dark, so dark —
Darkness presses hairy-hot
Where three make crowded company —
And the rank steel smells.
It is still, so still. . . .
I seem to hear the wind
On the dimpled face of the water fathoms above. . . .

It was still, so still . . .
We three that were left alive
Stared in each other's faces . . .
(Three make bitter company at one man's bread. . .)
And one grinned with his mouth awry from the long
gapped teeth,
And one shivered and whined like a gull as the
waves pawed him over . . .
But one stuck with his hate in his hand . . .
His hate grown sharp and bright as the moon's edge
in the water . . .

After that I remember
Only the dead men's oars that flapped in the sea . . .

The deadmen's oars that rattled and clicked like idiots' tongues . . .

It is still, so still,
With the jaron of engine's quiet.
We three awaiting the crunch of the sea
Reach our hands in the dark
And touch each other's faces . . .
We three, sheathing hate in our heart . . .
But when hate shall have made its circuit,
Our bones will be loving company
Here in the sea's den . . .

One whimpers and cries on his God
And one sits sullenly,
But both draw away from me . . .
I am the pyre their memories burn on . . .
Like black flames leaping
Our fiery gestures light the walled-in darkness of the sea . . .
The sea that kneels above us
And makes no sign . . .

The New Republic — *Lola Ridge*

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

There were faces to remember in the Valley of the Shadow,
There were faces unregarded, there were faces to forget;
There were fires of grief and fear that are a few forgotten ashes,
There were sparks of recognition that are not forgotten yet.

For at first, with an amazed and overwhelming indignation
At a measureless malfeasance that obscurely willed it thus,
They were lost and unacquainted — till they found themselves in others,
Who had groped as they were groping where dim ways were perilous.

There were lives that were dark as are the fears and intentions
Of a child who knows himself and is alone with what he knows;
There were pensioners of dreams and there were debtors of illusions,
All to fail before the triumph of a weed that only grows.
There were thirsting heirs of golden sieves that held not wine or water,
And had no names in traffic or more value there than toys:
There were blighted sons of wonder in the Valley of the Shadow,
Where they suffered and still wondered why their wonder made no noise.

There were slaves who dragged the shackles of a precedent unbroken,
Demonstrating the fulfillment of unalterable schemes,
Which had been, before the cradle, Time's inexorable tenants
Of what were now the dusty ruins of their father's dreams.
There were these, and there were many who had stumbled up to manhood,
Where they saw too late the road they should have taken long ago;

There were thwarted clerks and fiddlers in the Valley of the Shadow,
The commemorative wreckage of what others did not know.

And there were daughters older than the mothers who had borne them,
Being older in their wisdom, which is older than the earth;
And they were going forward only farther into darkness,
Unrelieved as were the blasting obligations of their birth;
And among them, giving always what was not for their possession,
There were maidens, very quiet, with no quiet in their eyes:
There were daughters of the silence in the Valley of the Shadow,
Driven along in loving hundreds to the family sacrifice.

There were creepers among catacombs where dull regrets were torches,
Giving light enough to show them what there was upon the shelves —
Where there was more for them to see than pleasure would remember
Of something that had been alive and once had been themselves.
There were some who stirred the ruins with a solid imprecation.
While as many fled repentance for the promise of despair:
There were drinkers of wrong waters in the Valley of the Shadow,

And all the sparkling ways were dust that once had
led them there.

There were some who knew the steps of Age in-
credibly beside them,
And his fingers upon shoulders that had never felt
the wheel;
And their last of empty trophies was a gilded cup of
nothing:
Which a contemplating vagabond would not have come
to steal.
Long and often had they figured for a larger valuation,
But the size of their addition was the balance of a
doubt:
There were gentlemen of leisure in the Valley of the
Shadow,
Not allured by retrospection, disenchanted, and played
out.

And among the dark endurances of unavowed re-
prisals
There were silent eyes of envy that saw little but saw
well;
And over beauty's aftermath of hazardous ambitions
There were tears for what had vanished as they van-
ished where they fell.
Not assured of what was theirs, and always hungry
for the nameless,
There were some whose only passion was for Time
who made them cold:
There were numerous fair women in the Valley of
the Shadow
Dreaming rather less of heaven than of hell when
they were old.

Now and then, as if to scorn the common touch of
common sorrow,
There were some who gave a few the distant pity of
a smile;
While another cloaked a soul as with an ash of human
embers,
Having covered thus a treasure that would last him
for a while
There were many by the presence of the many disaf-
fected,
Whose exemption was included in the weight that
others bore:
There were seekers after darkness in the Valley of
the Shadow,
And they alone were there to find what they were
looking for.

There they were, and there they are; and as they
came are coming others
And among them are the fearless and the meek and
the unborn;
And a question that has held us heretofore without an
answer
May abide without an answer until all have ceased
to mourn.
But the children of the dark are more to name than are
the wretched,
Or the broken, or the weary, or the baffled, or the
shamed:
There are builders of new mansions in the Valley
of the Shadow,
And among them are the dying and the blinded and
the maimed.

Edwin Arlington Robinson
The Atlantic Monthly

VICISSITUDES

I remember passionate flights
  After the divine,
In the starlit summer nights:
God it seemed was mine.

I remember dark despair,
  Not a star to see,
God no longer anywhere,
  Anywhere for me.

Still they come and still they go.
  How I cannot tell,
Darkness after starry glow,
  Heaven after hell.

The Stratford Journal *Gamaliel Bradford*

SERVITORS

I shall not let a sorrow die
Until I find the heart of it,
Nor let a wordless joy go by
Until it talks with me a bit;
And the ache my body knows
Shall teach me more than to another,
I shall look deep at mire and rose
Until each one becomes my brother.

Of my spirit and my flesh
I shall net myself a mesh,
Drawing the web both close and fine
To snare all things therein, until

They yield their secret to my will;
And if a proud high heart is mine,
Good luck and ill luck both will be
Equal servitors to me.

The Bookman *Sara Teasdale*

TRELAWNEY LIES BY SHELLEY

(*In the Protestant Cemetery, Rome*)

Trelawney lies by Shelley, and one bed
Of violets covers Keats and Severn, so
The friends who went life's way together know
No parting of the ways now they are dead.
Young Shelley, like a spirit, spoke and fled,
And Keats, before his youth began to blow;
Trelawney counted eighty winters' snow,
And eighty winters fell on Severn's head.

Yet here they lie, like poppies at one stroke
Cut by the selfsame blade in the summer sun;
The poets, and the friends who heard their song,
Believed and waited till the morning broke,
Then told their candle that the night was done;
When Friendship rested in the daytide strong.

The Bookman *Charles L. O'Donnell,*
Chaplain 332nd Infantry, A. E. F., Italy

THE YOUNG SQUIRE

I have sung me a stave, a stave or two,
I have drunk me a stoop of wine,
I have roystered across a world that was dew
And a sea that was sunlight's brine.

And now I'll go down where the need is not
Of a singing heart, but a sword;
I'll fight where the dead men welter and rot
With the hard-pressed host of the Lord.

And should I come back again, 'twill be
With accolade and spurs,
And many a tale of chivalry,
And the deeds of warriors.

And should I not, O break for me
No buds nor funeral boughs —
I go with the noblest company
That ever death did house.

The Bellman *William Alexander Percy*

TWO CANALS

The old canal forlorn, forsaken crawls,
Its locks decayed and its low water stirred
By minnows, all its past ensepulchred
In whispering walls.

Here mystery holds the moments with delight.
The banks are dark with groves; the paths, half
blotted,

Struggle along the edges bramble-knotted,
Scentful as night.

The rough-hewn chasm is never entered now.
The steep walls, viny with forgetfulness,
Out from their crevices push flower and cress
And greening bough.

And parallel, and half a mile away,
The new canal, a broad deep channel, reaches
Across the prairie where the sunshine bleaches
The grass all day.

Its lines are open to the eye and clear.
New minds laid out the granite with new science,
And new invention wrought for time's defiance
The perfect gear.

Soon it shall bear high steamers on its breast;
Soon, with the shedding forth of its renown,
River shall tell to river, town to town
The world's unrest.

Ah, but a tree, a vine, a rose? Not one!
The banks stretch out monotonous and bare.
Naked and smooth the peerless walls upglare
When the day is done.

Modernity, build strong! The price we know.
Bring to the land new steel, new stone, new faces!
But it's in the crannies of the old, old places
The flowers grow.

The Dial *Agnes Lee*

THERMOPYLAE AND GOLGOTHA

Men lied to them and so they went to die
Some fell, unknowing that they were deceived,
And some escaped, and bitterly bereaved,
Beheld the truth they loved shrink to a lie
And those there were that never had believed,
But from afar had read the gathering sky,
And darkly wrapt in that dread prophecy
Died trusting that their truth might be retrieved.

It matters not. For life deals thus with Man;
To die alone deceived or with the mass,
Or disillusioned to complete his span.
Thermopylae or Golgotha, all one —
The young dead legions in the narrow pass;
The stark black cross against the setting sun.

The Nation *Robert Hillyer*

THE END

My father got me strong and straight and slim
  And I give thanks to him.
My mother bore me glad and sound and sweet,
  I kiss her feet!

But now, with me, their generation fails
  And nevermore avails
To cast through me the ancient mould again,
  Such women and men.

I have no son, whose life of flesh and fire
  Sprang from my splendid sire;

No daughter for whose soul my mother's flesh
  Wrought raiment fresh.

Life's venerable rhythms like a flood
  Beat in my brain and blood,
Crying from all generations past,
  "Is this the last?"

And I make answer to my haughty dead,
  Who made me, heart and head,
"Even the sunbeams falter, flicker and bend —
  I am the end."

Contemporary Verse *Marguerite Wilkinson*

THE FUNERAL OF ANTONIO GIANNO

Above the fruit store down on Biddle street,
  Where he found humble solace and a rest
  From that unwritten law whose final test
Predestined him for vengeance's winding sheet —
In that now empty chamber, just the sweet
  Faint scent of flowers where each parting guest
  Gave springtime's tribute to the dispossessed,
A memory and fragrance of defeat!

As guardians at that dark door where came
The cortege, tapers with their glow half-spent
On shadow fade and finger with a flame.
  And down the dim worn stairway, trampled, bent,
Crushed petals, with their blood upon his name —
  The devastation of the last descent!

Detroit Sunday News *Stirling Bowen*

THE FUNERAL

When I am dead
Lay me not straightly in a lidded bed,
A dark cell, satin walled,
(Satin has always set my nerves on edge).
Heap me not with the heavy scented pledge
Of pallid lilies, freesias' waxy bloom,
Narcissus (always in a room
Their breath has sickened me),
Let not my friends be called,
And others who have never been my friends,
To crowd, uneasy, in the close, hushed gloom
Of shutters which outprison sun and breezes,
While in a corner where he has been shoved,
Suave and black gloved,
And glad,

The undertaker servilely attends,
And one I hardly knew
Pays tribute to the things I did not do,
Chants comfort with a solemn-voiced appeal,
For grief, he says, that no one ought to feel.

For restlessly
I'll tickle a child's nose until he sneezes
And if the music's strain be slow and drear,
I'll break the wailing voice of one who sings,
And snap maliciously the viol's strings.
Low in the ear
Of one who was most near
I'll whisper whimsies not to be withstood,
Till a shrill giggle sending tension slack,
Pulls it so swiftly taut it waits to crack.
Those who have loved me not
I'll smile to hear,

In a dry agony,
Strangely embarrassed, praying for a tear;
But the red eyes of those whom I held dear
Shall shame themselves and me.

Rattle me not, a grim procession's head,
On rough roads to the still, green covered plot
Where the dead
Lie and rot.

When I am dead
Give me the kind, swift flames to set me free;
And in the empty room I leave behind
In the spilled sun set roses red,
And let a lazy wind
Drift the light curtains gladly
To and fro.

Although
If I should be elected
To be vivisected,
I should be interested and proud.
Oh, anything is better than monuments erected
And a shroud.

The New Republic *Carolyn C. Wilson*

PORTRAIT OF ONE DEAD

This is her house. On one side there is darkness,
On one side there is light.
Into the darkness you may lift your lanterns
O, any number — it will still be night.
And there are echoing stairs to lead you downward
To long sonorous halls.

And here is spring forever at these windows
With roses on the walls.

This is her room. On one side there is music —
On one side not a sound.
At one step she could move from love to silence,
Feel myriad darkness coiling round.
And here are balconies from which she heard you,
Your steady footstep on the stair.
And here the glass in which she saw your shadow
As she unbound her hair.

Here is the room — with ghostly walls dissolving —
The twilight room in which she called you "lover";
And the floorless room in which she called you
"friend."
So many times, in doubt, she ran between them! —
Through windy corridors of darkening end.

Here she could stand with one dim light above her
And hear far music, like a sea in caverns,
Beating away at hollowed walls of stone.
And here, in a roofless room when it was raining,
She bore the patient sorrow of rain alone.

Your words were walls which suddenly froze around
her.
Your words were windows — large enough for moon-
light,
Too small to let her through.
Your letters — fragrant cloisters faint with music.
The music that assuaged her there was you.

How many times she heard your step ascending
Yet never saw your face!
She heard them turn again, ring slowly fainter,

Till silence swept the place.
Why had you gone? . . . The door, perhaps, mistaken . . .
You would go elsewhere. The deep walls were shaken.

A certain rose-leaf — sent without intention —
Became, with time, a woven web of fire —
She wore it, and was warm.
A certain hurried glance, let fall at parting,
Became, with time, a woven web of fire —

Yet there was nothing asked, no hint to tell you
Of secret idols carved in secret chambers
From all you did and said.
Nothing was done, until at last she knew you.
Nothing was known till somehow she was dead.

How did she die? — You say she died of poison.
Simple and swift. And much to be regretted.
You did not see her pass
So many thousand times from light to darkness,
Pausing so many times before her glass;

You did not see how many times she hurried
To lean from certain windows, vainly hoping,
Passionate still for beauty, remembered spring.
You did not know how long she clung to music,
You did not hear her sing.

Did she, then, make her choice, and step out bravely
From sound to silence — close, herself, those windows?
Or was it true, instead,

That darkness moved,— for once,— and so possessed
her? . . .
We'll never know, you say, for she is dead.

Conrad Aiken
Others, A Magazine of the New Verse

WILL YOU STEP INTO MY GRAVE, SIR?

Will you step into my grave, sir? said the digger
to the dead:
You will find it quite as restful, sir, as any human bed;
There'll be lilacs at the head of you and violets at
your feet,
In June the grass will cover you; and the snow will
be your sheet.

The rain will thrill a song for you, the wind will
tell a tale,
The willow roots will wrap your heart and hold and
never fail,
And time will soon forget you, and yourself, forget-
ting time,
Will climb to sun and flash with leaves and fall again
and climb.

I will stretch your bones out straightly, and lay you
softly down,
And crown the fever of your days with slumber for
a crown.
And none shall come to trouble you, and none shall
call your name —
You shall not start at sound of love, nor stir at sound
of blame. . . .

Will you step into my grave, sir? said the digger to
the dead —
It is more soft and quiet, far, than any human
bed. . . .
There'll be oak trees at the head of you, and willows
at the feet,
The blackbirds will sing for you, the snow will be
your sheet.

The Dial *Conrad Aiken*

EPITAPH ON A MADMAN'S GRAVE

The time had come to kill himself, he said,
Because at night he couldn't run and dive
Into a pool of sleep heels over head
The way he used to do when he was five.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Morris Gilbert*

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY

The people of the earth are mighty,
And their time is at hand.
They do not yet dream how soon,
But I dream.

The rulers of the earth are stubborn,
But their end is at hand.
They do not dare to think of the end,
But I dare.

The dead of the earth are past reckoning,
But they are still to be reckoned with.

They do not seem to be living,
But I live.

For to dream and to dare
Is the only life,
And to dream and to dare and to die
Is the only resurrection.

Contemporary Verse — *Witter Bynner*

L'ENVOI

When the time for parting comes, and the day is on the wane,
And the silent evening darkens over hill and over plain,
And earth holds no more sorrow, no more grief, and no more pain,
Shall we weary for the battle and the strife?

When at last the trail is ending, and the stars are growing near,
And we breathe the breath of conquest, and the voices that we hear
Are the great companions' voices that have hallowed year on year,
Shall we know an instant's grieving as we pass?

Shall we pause a fleeting moment ere we grasp the eager hands,
Take one last long look of wonder at the dimming of the lands,
Love the earth one glowing moment ere we pass from its demands,
Cull all beauty in its essence as we gaze?

Or with not one backward longing shall we leap the last abyss,
Scale the highest crags glad-hearted, fearful only lest the bliss
Of an earth-remembering instant should delay the great sun's kiss —
Consuming us within the splendor of the flame?

Century Magazine *Dorothea Lawrance Mann*

FOR WALT WHITMAN

COMRADES AND LOVERS, REST NOT

Oh, you genteel, conventional, uncourageous,
Bank president, suave, and your anaemic women,
Professional Y. M. C. A. secretaries and directors of boards of welfare,
Holders of doctorates from Leipzig and your conservative, purposeless students,
Village newspaper men, telling as your own what your party central committees have told you,
Reactionary government officials, pretending to be efficient in the public service,
Blustering Western politicians. ignorant of history, blunderers in logic, opponents of free speech, of justice to women, of world service by America,
Impassive women, believing that sex is sinful, unwilling to face proved truth, taking refuge in ponderous, ridiculous. superstitious platitudes,
And you who paid sixty dollars for a set of Walt Whitman's works and have not opened it except to paste in your bookplate with its fatuous Latin motto —

All your conventional illiberals, evaders of fact and decision, distrustful of others, distrustful of yourselves,
You will praise Walt Whitman this month because it is fashionable to observe his centenary.

It is well: you are better satisfied that you do not know him.
For do you think Walt Whitman the egotist, the unconventional, the liberal, the sincere, the frank, the healthy, the free, the light-hearted, the heroic,
The glad, the rough, the tender, the democrat, the American, the world-citizen, the friend of the worker,
Poet of the body, poet of the soul, poet of every dauntless rebel,
Would want to associate with you, or do you think you would want to associate with him?
What do you care for America, real America, for democracy, and for the name of America and the name of democracy
In England, France, Jugo-Slavia, Russia, Mexico, Argentina, Poland, Brazil, Czecho-Slovakia, Belgium, the Ukraine, Japan, Liberia, China, Italy, New Zealand?
You would have America secede from the world — self-cultured, sufficient,
You would make her an old maid, hopeless, childless, pitied or despised,
You would destroy democracy by establishing a peace-time espionage, a censorship of life and art and opinion.
And this month you will yawp the praises of Whitman,
You who have met Whitman on Broadway, in Camden, in Lawrence, in the mines of Arizona, and on the prairies of North Dakota.

Yes, you have met him and have not recognized him;
You have met him and hated and scorned him.

Afoot and light-hearted, Walt Whitman still is traveling the open road,
And the long brown path is still before him.
He sat by the bedsides of dying boys in the hospitals of Europe,
He strode past the White House in Washington as another President looked out and exclaimed,
"Well, *he* looks like a *man!*"
He marched with the Russian hosts that overthrew the Czar in that silent revolution,
He sat in the assembly room with the striking telephone operators of Massachusetts,
He paces the quays and the streets of Paris as a new world is a-making.
He sees his vision not wholly realized, but yet on the point of realization:
The Asiatic and the African hand in hand — the European and American hand in hand.

And you, carpenters, farmers, deckhands, weavers, printers, bridge builders, pickers of cotton in the South and harvesters of wheat in the North,
Sheep herders, brakemen, brick masons, telephone operators, shop girls, wheel tappers, waiters, domestics, workers in mines, mail carriers, white-wings, laborers skilled and unskilled,
Yes, and you lawyers, doctors, writers, engineers, manufacturers, shop-keepers,
All of you who are fair and honest and seekers after justice for all men,
Walt Whitman will return to lead you on the open road of honesty, frankness, democracy.
(Most of you never owned a volume of Walt Whit-

man, but he is your companion and you are his companions, beloved, inseparable.)
You are his great companions, you are his swift and majestic men, you are his greatest women.
You and he will travel together the long brown path, the grand road of the universe,
Seeking only perfect democracy, seeking only the glory of America as she serves the universe.
Comrades and lovers,
Comrades and lovers,
Comrades and lovers,
Rest not.

Nelson Antrim Crawford

THE GODS LAUGHED ON HIGH OLYMPUS

I think the gods laughed on high Olympus as they plucked you like a green, singing leaf from off their wreathéd brows,
And planted you on the flat shores of Manhattan!

— This was their wild jest, Walt Whitman!
How the gods laughed as you pushed your grappling roots, lifted your clamorous branches;
As you spread, lush, rank, magnificent, singing your unpruned songs;
As you unfolded passionate buds and ripened strange, sweet fruits among the home fields and farms;
How the gods laughed and how they listened!
As you shouted your bold thoughts,
Matched your metres with the rhymes and rhythms of wind and sea, forest and bird,
Punctuated carelessly with lightnings and thunders and with the stars,
As you called from the roofs and from the hills and rivers and from your lovers' arms,

Your great, unshackled song!
Song of serene defiance and joyous challenge,
Of vision and prophecy and truth courageous,
Of men and women and generations past and generations to come,
Of all things living and all things green-growing,
Of governments and peoples, marching armies and vast ships, distant lands and These States,
Of music, colors, perfumes, games, occupations, trades,
Of cities of the East and cities of the West, their streets and crowds, their sounds and silences,
Of public opinion and cosmic brotherhood,
Of the body, its weaknesses and its strengths, its abominations and its beauties,
Of the soul,
Of life and death!
Song of God and all Gods,
Song of love and all loves,
Song of Walt Whitman!

— What would your song be now, O poet insurgent?
You that sang,
" Did we think victory great?
So it is — But now it seems to me, when it cannot be help'd, that defeat is great,
And that death and dismay are great."

You that sang,
" Resist much, obey little."
What would your songs be today?

See! The gods laugh no more!
For singing lies bound in the silent dungeons of thought suppressed,
Thousands of sweet singers are inarticulate, thou-

sands are dead, their young songs rotting in their dead throats!

— And we whisper among ourselves and we listen;
We wade through our own turgid impatience,
We wait at our own doors,
We hammer at our own souls!

There is a hush on Manhattan;
There is a hush on all the world;
We listen — for your swirling song,
We listen — for your coming, Walt Whitman!

Leonora Speyer

TO THE ANSWERER

So now we are summoned together to worship and set down our worshippings?
You who "put things in their attitudes," what shall we say of you?
How shall we say it?
Pioneer, Emigrant, Seeker, and Trail Blazer,
Voice of our time,—
In puny tunes, after your thunderings,
In a thin tinkle of rhyme?

We must come to you each in his fashion
And make a *Romanza;*
Some in red riots of wording and some in pale passion;
There are those who are lyric and lovely
And those who are ugly and strong;
You — having "the pass-key of hearts"— will you weave us

In a good pattern? —" Eye-singers, head-singers, weird-singers "
In a mosaic of song.

There is Margaret Widdemer's lute;
Its tone is as warm as her cheek;
Amelia Josephine Burr will be calling and thralling you
With the clear call of her flute;
And Edgar Lee Masters shall come
To make you grave music upon his bass viol
And brave music, bleak and unbeautiful, on his bass drum.
There is Edwin Arlington Robinson
To build compositions
Deep and difficult, brilliant, arresting,
At the pianoforte,
And Louis Ledoux's cool harmonies
In the depth of the temple,
In the high-ceiled Inner Court,
And then Clement Wood shall pipe you away to the downs
(Especially if it be April!)
But you will come back to hear
The perfect melody, poignant and pure and crystal-clear
Of Sara Teasdale's harp,
And William Rose Benét's blithe bugle,
Very sweet, very sharp,
Routing you out for the new things, the true things,
And when you hear the bag-pipes
Skirling, whirling,
Calling men out of the bonds that bind them
To dull days and drab ways,
You will know Vachel Lindsay's behind them,
And when you hear a delicate old rigadoon

On a rosewood spinnet
You'll think you know
Sarah Cleghorn, but she may straightway blow
A blast on a tremendous trumpet,
And then you'll meet
Mary Carolyn Davies with her happy little hurdy-gurdy
Trundling tunes in every stuffy street
Till they open windows and doors to the sun and air,—
Tunes to make you chuckle, tunes to make you grieve,
And Amy Lowell. amazing, incredible craftsman,
Technician, magician,
Beating her brassy cymbals very loudly
So you may not suspect the pipe-organ up her sleeve!
And at last, at the end of the day,
Witter Bynner will tuck his violin
Under his chin
Sitting cross-legged in the fire-light,
And play the heart out of you (Even You, Answerer!)
Play the heart in.

"Ear-singers, love-singers, night-singers"
Singing to make your *romanza,*
Bringing you tribute, little or large,
Never quite knowing you,
Yet more nearly "strong and content" because of you;
Needing and owing you,—
(Oh, the deep debt we have owed!)
"Usual and near, removed from none . . ."
More nearly able, because of you,
To follow, "afoot and light-hearted,"
The "long brown path" before us —
The open road!

Ruth Comfort Mitchell

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Carter, William. *The Gates of Janus.* Fleming H. Revell Co.

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Cooper, James Fenimore, Jr. *Afterglow.* Yale University Press.

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Wright, Jack Morris. *A Poet of the Air.* Houghton Mifflin Co.

SOME IMPORTANT VOLUMES OF POEMS PUBLISHED DURING 1918–1919

Banners. By Babette Deutsch. These poems, in which there is both temperament and imagination, show a strong visual sense and a power to evoke symbols.

Candles That Burn. By Aline Kilmer. "Candles That Burn" is a collection of poems, full of the beauty of domestic scenes and sentiments. Her art is of rare simplicity, and is delightful in its fragrance.

Cornhuskers. By Carl Sandburg. Mr. Sandburg, is essentially a rebel and an idealist and the only difference between "Cornhuskers" and "Chicago Poems" is the shifting of his passion from the city to the prairie.

Counter-Attack and Other Poems. By Siegfried Sassoon. Through "Counter-Attack" Mr. Sassoon has burned into our spirits the pain and foolishness of war with an art that is keen with irony but whose edge glows with tenderness and mercy.

Courage! By Richard Mansfield. Although fanciful in touch and somewhat youthful in expression, these poems are matured in substance and firm in thought.

The Drums in Our Street. By Mary Carolyn Davies. This book is very uplifting, for it brings back a recollection of our war ideals. In it, Miss Davies shows the gift of clear, simple, and singing lines, giving expression to wistful and tender moods.

The Earth Turns South. By Clement Wood. In writing the "Earth Turns South," Mr. Wood realized that like Whitman he is a spiritual artist and mystic, and that his power lies in this direction.

Echoes and Realities. By Walter Prichard Eaton. This volume of poems is full of changing moods and experiences. They are the result of Eaton's contact with nature viewed from the imaginative and realistic side of his character.

Fairies and Fusileers. By Robert Graves. Graves' poetry is whimsical, bright, gay, with a humor fantastic, to which the war has given just a tinge of unavoidable sadness.

Gods and Devils. By John Russell McCarthy. In "Gods or Devils," Mr. McCarthy is the protestor of creeds. Through the poems runs an underbody of thought, not destructive but renunciatory against existing customs.

Growing Pains. By Jean Starr Untermeyer. "Growing Pains" shows Mrs. Untermeyer's distinctive quality of severity. There is nothing for "art's sake"; but the severity is not without loveliness, the loveliness of the rhythmic grace flowing into the substance from the form.

The Heart of Peace. By Lawrence Housman. Mr. Housman has the appealing gift of fantasy, but in the "Heart of Peace" as in all his verse, you only catch a faint pressure of it. Magic almost blooms, then suddenly, it vanishes into the commonplace.

In Flanders Fields. By John McCrae. "In Flanders Fields" is universally popular because of its immortal symbol of sacrifice. It is great because of its elevated mood, profound substance, and exalted vision.

Jane, Joseph and John. By Ralph Bergengren. This delightful book is about the wonders of childhood. It pictures a big world in a little one, where trifles are made into wonders.

Japanese Prints. By John Gould Fletcher. "Japanese Prints" is an endeavor to give the spirit of the Japanese hokku poetry, spiritual allegories full of delicate and suggestive charm.

Lanterns in Gethsemane. By Willard Wattles. The spirit in these poems is nearer akin to the Assisian and St. Francis Xavier than to the doctrinaires and dialecticians of religion who are moved by theological rather than humane interests.

Memoir and Poems (Joyce Kilmer). By Robert Cortes Holliday. This volume contains the collection of poems written by Kilmer, the dead poet, who was an artist of a fine order.

Minna and Myself. By Maxwell Bohenheim. The best of these poems are delicately and imaginatively shaped, sometimes with a spiritual significance; although a few are blinded by incoherency.

The New Day. By Scudder Middleton. The spirit of

this book is an embracing vision of human hope entering upon a new era. About some poems, there is a sculpturesque dignity and in all of Middleton's poetry, there is an undercurrent of magic.

Out of Doors. By John Russell McCarthy. In "Out of Doors," Mr. McCarthy is the nature poet with a delightfully simple note of joyousness, a heart that sees loveliness in all nature.

The Parables of a Madman. By Kahill Gibran. Kahill Gibran is the William Blake of the twentieth century. The illustrations in this book are very striking, full of vigorous and flowing rhythm of line.

Poems of Service and Sacrifice. By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson. Mrs. Robinson's calm visionary assurance tipped with the flame of that truth which is imagination, gives the poems their distinctive quality.

The Sad Years. By Dora Sigerson. "The Sad Years" is essential poetry, as Mrs. Hinkson says, but her visions are so overwhelmed with grief, that they nearly snap.

Songs of a Miner. By James C. Welsh. "Songs of a Miner" is the production of a poet who emerged from a coal mine. He wrote this book with the quiet artistry he has acquired since, with a fine sense of verbal expression and genuine feeling.

The Song of Three Friends. By John G. Neihardt. "The Song of Three Friends" is a romantic historical poem, striking and imaginative. It is a new kind of American poetry.

Songs to A. H. R. By Cale Young Rice. This book is a collection of songs written by Mr. Rice to his wife. In addition to a delightful spirit of companionship, they have a very satisfying glow of devotion and praise.

The Verses of a Rebel. By Bernard Gilbert. Some of these poems are poems of rebellious passion touched here and there with biting humor; and others are nature poems of a quiet and tender passion.

Visions of New York. By Frederick Mortimer Clapp. In this book, Mr. Clapp applies his extraordinary visual imagination upon the scenes and associations of New York, a corporate reality of gigantic symbols from which he disengages spiritual ideals.

The Wild Swans at Coole. By W. B. Yeats. This collection has the old-time graces of Mr. Yeats' poetry. It is full of subtle workmanship and symbolic imagery.

Young Adventure. By Stephen Vincent Benét. In spite of the author's youth, "Young Adventure" not only has the quality of imagination, but it also has beautiful symbolic and visionary qualities.

BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX

ADAMS, KATHARINE. Was born in Elmira, N. Y., educated at Neuilly, France, and Columbia University. She has lived in France, Sweden, and Ireland, and is the daughter of Edward Le Grand Adams, the present American consul at Dublin, Ireland. She is the author of *Light and Mist,* a book of poems. She lives in New York City.

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AIKEN, CONRAD. Was born in Savannah, Georgia, in 1889, educated at Harvard University. Devotes himself entirely to literature. Is the author of five volumes of verse, *Earth Triumphant and Other Tales in Verse, Turns and Movies, The Jig of Forslin, Nocturne of Remembered Spring,* and *The Charnel Rose;* a volume of criticism called *The Ivory Tower* from his pen will appear this autumn. His home is at Yarmouth, Mass.

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ALVORD, JAMES CHURCH. Lives in South Attleboro, Mass., and is a well-known contributor of verse to the magazines.

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BRADFORD, GAMALIEL. Was born at Boston, Oct. 9, 1863, was at Harvard University for a few months with class of 1886, but educated "mainly by ill-health and a vagrant imagination." Writer, whose interests are writing and human nature. Is author of *A Pageant of Life* (verse), *Unmade in Heaven* (drama), *Lee, the American, Union Portraits, Confederate Portraits,* and various novels. He is soon to publish a long poem of five hundred octave stanzas upon which he has bestowed the labor of thirty years. Home, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

The Congregation 22

The Topmost Bough 73
Vicissitudes 179

Bridgman, Amy. Was born at Amherst, Mass., Nov. 13, 1865, educated in the schools of Amherst and under private masters in this country and abroad. She is Associate Principal of the Hillbrow School, Newton, Mass., and takes a special interest in child study, literature and music. She is the author of *Flame Song,* a volume of verse. Her home is in Newton, Mass.

John Masefield 141

Brody, Alter. Was born in Russia. Is the leader in a movement to make a place on the stage for poetry. Published this year a volume of verse called *A Family Album,* and Other Poems. Lives in New York.

Ma 87

Bynner, Witter. Was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 12, 1881, educated at Harvard College, class '02. Became an editor after leaving college, but has since lectured widely over the country, and last year at the University of California; has always been "persistently a poet and playwright." Is author of *An Ode to Harvard and Other Poems, Grenstone Poems, The Beloved Stranger, The New World,* and *Spectra* which was published under the name of Emmanuel Morgan and with Anne Knish (Arthur Davison Ficke), a clever hoax on the radical school of free verse poets; his plays are *Tiger, The Little King* and *Iphigenia.* His home is "Barberry House," Cornish, N. H. (P. O. Windsor, Vt).

Laurel 58
Coins 59
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The Resurrection of the Body 190

Carlin, Francis. Was born at Bay Shore, Long Island, April 7, 1881, educated at Parochial School, Norwalk, Conn. Was employed as floor-walker at R. H. Macy and Co., New York; has been seriously ill during the past year. His life has been a devotion to "the day's job and the night's business with Beauty." Is author of *My Ireland, Rhymes and Simple Songs.* Home, New York City.

The Market Town 125

Carman, Bliss. Was born at Fredericton, New Brunswick, April 15, 1861, educated at University of New Bruns-

wick, University of Edinburgh, and Harvard, where he studied law. Was early engaged in editorial work, but since 1894 devoted entirely to literary work. Is the author of many volumes in prose and verse. Home, New Canaan, Conn.

The Man of the Marne 143

CONKLING, GRACE HAZARD. Is on the faculty at Smith College. Has lived in Mexico, which colors much of her poetry. Is the author of *Afternoons of April,* a volume of verse. Home, Northampton, Mass.

Cretonne Tropics 34

COOPER, HOYT.

The Old Roman Road 123

CRAWFORD, NELSON ANTRIM. Was born at Miller, S. Dak., May 4, 1888, educated at the State University of Iowa, A.B., and University of Kansas, A.M. Is Head of Department of Industrial Journalism and Printing, Kansas State Agricultural College. His interests are "primarily in journalism and the fine arts." Recreations are fishing and photography. He is Associate Editor of *The Midland: A Magazine of the Middle West.* Home, Manhattan, Kansas.

Trees 23
In the Key of Blue 57
Comrades and Lovers, Rest Not . . . 192

CROMWELL, GLADYS. Was born in New York City, in 1889, and died with her sister through self-destruction, the result of over-strain from canteen work at the front, in the early spring of this year, off the coast of France. She was the author of a volume of verse, *Gates of Utterance,* and a posthumous collection has been edited by Padraic Colum for publication this autumn.

Words 46
Winter Poetry 47

DARGAN, OLIVE TILFORD. Was born in Grayson County, Ky., educated at the University of Nashville and Radcliffe College. Next to writing poems and dramas, her chief interest is in farming. She has published *Semiramis and Other Plays, Lords and Lovers, The Mortal Gods* (plays), *Path Flower, The Cycle's Rim* (poems), and *The Welsh Pony.* Her home is in Almond, N. C., though she spends her winters in New York.

To a Texas Primrose 12

DAVIES, MARY CAROLYN. Was born in the State of Washington, received her early training at Kasle, British Colum-

bia, and Portland, Ore., and was a student at the University of California, and New York University. "I make my living by writing verse alone," she says, "and therefore my occupation is dodging creditors." But since Miss Davies' recent marriage her occupation has, perhaps, been denied her. "My interests," she continues, "are chiefly bronchoriding, canoeing, and basket-ball; and in the East (where she spends her winters), where I cannot have these, free verse." She has written plays performed at the Greenwich Village Theatre, and is the author of a volume of verse, *The Drums in Our Street.*

David 17

DIVINE, CHARLES. Was born at Binghamton, N. Y., educated at Cornell, after which he took up newspaper work in New York City. He was with the A. E. F. in France, where he worked his way to a commission as lieutenant. He is the author of a volume of verse, *City Ways and Company Streets.*

Psychoneuroses 151

FARRAR, JOHN CHIPMAN.

Brest Left Behind 149

FISHBURN, JOSEPHINE REDMOND.

Child Poems 48

FLETCHER, JOHN GOULD. Was born in Arkansas, was graduated from Harvard, and now lives in England. He is one of the leaders of the Imagist school of poets. He has published many volumes in both the conventional and vers libre styles.

Earth 3

GLAENZER, RICHARD BUTLER. Is a graduate of Yale and after a short but successful business career made his home in Bermuda.

Sark of the Leewards 128

GORMAN, HERBERT S. Was born in Springfield, Mass., Jan. 1, 1893, educated at the Technical High School, Springfield, Mass. Newspaper man, at present assistant night City Editor of the New York *Sun.* His interests are poetry, criticism, and music. Home, New York City.

The Lost Heart 17

HENDERSON, ROSE.

The Pagan 7

HUCKFIELD, LEYLAND. Was born at Hillfurze, Worcester, England, in 1882, educated at the English National School. Is a horticulturist, and has a deep interest in anthropology

and political economy. Has published a volume of verse, *Legend of the Rose and Other Poems.* Home, Rochester, Minn.

Avon Memories 113

HILLYER, ROBERT. Was educated at Harvard, where he is at present an instructor. Was in France. Has published a volume of poems called *Sonnets and Lyrics.* Lives in Cambridge, Mass.

Thermopylae and Golgotha 183

JOHNSON, BURGES. Was born in Rutland, Vt., Nov. 9, 1877, educated in New England and Chicago schools, and at Amherst College. Is teacher, author and editor, being Associate Professor of English at Vassar College, and editor of the *Bulletin of the Authors' League of America.* Is author of *Rhymes of Little Boys, Rhymes of Home, Rhymes of Little Folks, Bashful Ballads,* and the *Bubble Books.* In prose he has written *The Well of English and the Bucket.* He lives at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Toul 145

JONES, JR., THOMAS S. Was born at Utica, New York, and educated at Cornell. After a brief engagement in newspaper work, he has devoted himself to the writing of poetry. He is the author of several volumes of poems, notable among them being *The Path of Dreams, The Voice in the Silence,* and *The Rose Jar,* the latter having gone through many editions. He lives in New York City.

The Gifts of Peace 29

KILMER, ALINE. Was born in Norfolk, Va., in 1888, educated at the Vaile Deane school, Elizabeth, N. J. She is the widow of the poet-soldier Joyce Kilmer, who was killed in action in 1918. She is the author of a volume of verse, *Candles that Burn.* Her home is in Larchmont, N. Y.

Violin Song 43

An Autumn Walk with Deborah . . . 56

KILMER, JOYCE. Was born in New Brunswick, N. J., in 1886, educated at Columbia University. He was killed in action during the Second Battle of the Marne, July 30, 1918. The author of several volumes in prose and verse. A *Collected Edition* of his works was edited with a Memoir by Robert Cortes Holliday and published early this year. It was one of the most successful publications of the year.

Rouge Bouquet 160

KREYMBORG, ALFRED. Was born in New York City, Dec. 10, 1883, educated in the Public Schools, follows writing as

a profession with diversions in lecturing and editing — while being interested in "most everything!" He is the author of *Erna Vitek* (a novel), *Mushrooms, Clavichords* (poems), *Plays for Poem-Mimes and Plays for Merry Andrews;* has edited *Others, An Anthology of the New Verse,* for 1916, and 1917. He lives in New York City.

Nun Snow 30

Ledoux, Louis V. Was born in New York City and educated at Columbia University. Is the author of *The Shadow of Ætna* (poems), *Izdra, A Tragedy,* and *The Story of Eleusis* (poetic plays). His home is at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

Whip-Poor-Will 17

Lee, Agnes (Mrs. Otto Freer). Was born in Chicago, and educated in Switzerland and America. Is the author of *Verses for Children, The Border of the Lake,* and *The Sharing;* she has translated from the French Theophile Gautier's *Emaux et Camees* and Fernand Grech's *La Maison de l'Enfance.* Her home is in Chicago.

Pictures of Women 14

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Lindsay, Vachel. Was born in Springfield, Ill., Nov. 10, 1879, educated at the Springfield High School, Hiram College, Chicago Art Institute, and the New York School of Art. Mainly a writer of verse, though he spent ten years as an art student, and lectured three winters at the Metropolitan Art Museum. Was at one time Moving Picture critic for the *New Republic.* Gives recitals of his verse in the winter, but lives eight or nine months in the year in the house in which he was born, giving, as he says, "ninety per cent of energy to the writing of verse." In prose he has published (these books should be read in the order here given to fully understand Mr. Lindsay's democratic art theories) *A Handy Guide for Beggars, Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty,* and *The Art of the Moving Picture* (in which a democratic æsthetic system is applied to a special art in verse); his volumes are, *General William Booth Enters into Heaven, and Other Poems, The Congo, and Other Poems,* and *The Chinese Nightingale, and Other Poems.* Early in the New Year Mr. Lindsay will publish another volume of verse, *The Golden Whales of California, and Other Rhymes in the American Language.* Home, Springfield, Ill.

The Empire of China is Crumbling Down . 102

Long, Haniel. Was born at Rangoon, Burmah, Mar. 9, 1888, educated at Exeter, and Harvard University. Is Associate Professor in English, School of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. Is interested in art and education. Home, "Endiom," Naples, N. Y.

At Parting 166

Lowell, Amy. Was born in Brookline, Mass., Feb. 8, 1874, educated at private schools. Devotes herself to literature. She has published two prose volumes, *Six French Poets,* and *Tendencies to Modern American Poetry;* her volumes of verse are, *A Dome of Many Colored Glass, Sword Blades and Poppy Seed, Men, Women and Ghosts,* and *Pictures of a Floating World,* the latter published this autumn. Her home is "Sevenels," Brookline, Mass.

The Flute 2

To Two Unknown Ladies 92

Mann, Dorothea Lawrance. Was born at Gloucester, Mass., Jan. 26, 1887, educated at the Malden High School, and Wellesley College. Engaged in writing poetry, short stories, and literary criticism. Interests, books and the drama. Her volume of poems, *An Acreage of Lyric,* was published this autumn. Home, Malden, Mass.

L'Envoi 191

McKay, Claude. Was born in Jamaica, W. I., Sept. 15, 1889, and privately educated by his brother, and studied agriculture two years at the Kansas State College. He says, "Have no definite occupation and hope I shall never have any — now working in a Brooklyn factory. No interests, but a great admiration for anything in life, letters and art that possesses real beauty or truth." He is the author of *Songs of Jamaica,* published in Kingston, Jamaica, 1911; a new collection of his poems is to be issued this winter by Alfred A. Knopf. He lives in New York.

The Little Peoples 110

The Negro Dancers 127

Masters, Edgar Lee. Was born at Garnet, Kan., Aug. 23, 1869, attended the Lewiston, Ill., High School, later studying law. He is a lawyer and writer. Author of the following books, two of which are prose: *A Book of Verse,* 1898, *Maximilian, A Drama,* 1902, *The New Star Chamber,* 1904 (prose), *Blood of the Prophets,* 1905 (prose), *The Trifler,* 1907, *Songs and Sonnets, First Series,* 1910, *Songs and Sonnets, Second Series,* 1912, *Spoon River Anthology,* 1915, *Songs and Satires,* 1916, *The Great Valley,* 1916, and *Toward the Gulf,* 1918. Home, Chicago, Ill.

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At Sagamore Hill 135

Middleton, Scudder. Was born in New York City, Sept. 9, 1888, educated at Columbia University. He is engaged in the publishing business. Author of *Streets and Faces* and *The New Day*. Home, New York City.

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The Girl 66

Millay, Edna St. Vincent. Was born in Rockland, Maine, Feb. 22, 1892, educated at Vassar College. Is the author of *Renascence, and Other Poems*. She lives in New York.

She is Overheard Singing 63
Elaine 70

Mitchell, Ruth Comfort (Mrs. William Sanborn Young). Was born in Los Angeles. She has written plays and stories as well as verse; though is best known as the author of *The Night Court and Other Poems*. Her home is in Los Gatos, California, though she frequently spends the winter in New York.

Jane Addams 132
To the Answerer 197

Morton, David. Was born at Elkton, Ky., Feb. 21, 1886, educated at Vanderbilt University. He is a teacher of English at the Morristown, N. J., High School. He will soon publish his first volume of poems. He lives at The Mansion House, Morristown, N. J.

Ships in Harbor 36

Nicholl, Louise Townsend. Was born at Scotch Plains, N. J., Oct. 25, 1890, educated at Smith College. Has been a newspaper writer but now Associate Editor of *Contemporary Verse*. Engaged on important work soon to be published.

The Common Sick 155

O'Brien, Edward J. Was born in Boston, Mass., Dec. 10, 1890, educated at Boston College, and Harvard University. Has devoted himself entirely to literature. Edited *The Man Forbid, and Other Essays*, by John Davidson, *The Renegade Poet, and Other Essays* by Francis Thompson, *Essays in Criticism: Third Series* by Matthew Arnold, *The Best Short Stories for 1915, The Best Short Stories for*

1916, The Best Short Stories for 1917, and will issue subsequent annual volumes in the same series. He is also the author of *The Journal of Arthur Middleton,* which was published anonymously at the beginning of the year. The poems so far have been collected in the volume *White Fountains: Odes and Lyrics.* His other publications are *The Best Modern Short Stories,* and in translation *Three Odes of Paul Claudel,* and *The Inferno* by Henri Barbusse. Home, South Yarmouth, Mass., P. O., Bass River, Mass.

Hellenica I 37

Hellenica II 39

O'Donnell, Charles L. Is connected with the University of Notre Dame. During the war he served as chaplain to the forces in France and Italy. He is the author of a volume of verse, *The Dead Musician and Other Poems.*

Trelawney Lies by Shelley 180

Piper, Edwin Ford. Was born at Auburn, Neb., Feb. 8, 1871, educated at the University of Nebraska, and Harvard. Teaches English, has a vital interest in collecting ballads, farms, and is a lover of outdoor sports. Author of an extraordinary book of poems, *Barbed Wire, and Other Poems.* Home, Iowa City, Ia.

Gee-Up Dar, Mules 153

Percy, William Alexander. Was born at Greenville, Miss., May 4, 1885, educated at the University of the South, and the Harvard Law School. By profession a lawyer. Is the author of a book of poems, *Sappho in Leukas and Other Poems.* He saw service in France as a commissioned officer. His home is at Greenville, Miss.

A Volunteer's Grave 165

The Young Squire 181

Ranck, Edwin Carty. Was born in Lexington, Ky., educated at private schools and Harvard University. He is a dramatist, short story writer, and dramatic critic. Poetry and the drama are his chief interests. He has written and had produced the following plays: *The Night Riders,* staged by the Harvard Dramatic Club, *The Call of the Mountain,* produced by the 47 Workshop at Harvard, and *We Are the People* (in collaboration with Frederick Ballard), produced by John Craig at the Castle Square Theatre, Boston. He lives in New York.

Edwin Arlington Robinson 140

Roberts, Walter Adolphe. Was born Oct. 15, 1886. Is editor and author. Interested in politics and the literature

of Latin nations. Chess player. Author of *Pierrot Wounded and Other Poems.* Lives in New York.

For Poets Slain in War 155

Ridge, Lola. Was born in Australia. Became prominent the early part of this year as the author of a remarkable book of poems, *The Ghetto and Other Poems.* Lives in New York.

The Everlasting Return 171

Robinson, Corinne Roosevelt. Was born in New York City in 1861, educated at home. Interested in literary, civic, and philanthropic affairs. Has published three volumes of poems, *The Call to Brotherhood and Other Poems, One Woman to Another and Other Poems,* and *Service and Sacrifice.*

To Italy, 1918 110

Robinson, Edwin Arlington. Was born in Gardner, Maine, Dec. 22, 1869. He is the first of living American poets. His books are: *The Children of the Night, Captain Craig, A Book of Poems, The Town Down the River, The Man Against the Sky,* and *Merlin.* He won this year The Lyric Society Prize of $500 for the best manuscript of poems with his *Lancelot and Guinevere.* He lives in New York.

The Flying Dutchman 35
The Mill 91
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The Valley of the Shadow 174

Robinson, Eloise. Was born in Amelia, O., in 1889, educated at Western College, Oxford, O., Mount Holyoke, and Wellesley College. Her occupation is writing; interests, "everything," she says. Has edited *The Minor Poems of Joseph Beaumont,* and will soon publish a volume of her own poems. She lives in Cincinnati, O.

Fatherland 98

Sandburg, Carl. Was born in Galesburg, Ill., in 1879, educated at Lombard College. Has worked as a reporter on the *Chicago Daily News.* He is a man much beloved by his friends and admirers. Is the author of *Chicago Poems* and *Cornhuskers,* the latter volume being co-winner, with Margaret Widdemer's *The Old Road to Paradise,* of the Columbia University Prize of $500 for the best book of poems by an American poet published during 1918. His home is at Maywood, Ill.

Autumn Movement 28

Sarett, Lew. Was born in Chicago, Ill., May 16, 1888, educated at Beloit College, University of Michigan, University of Illinois, and Harvard University. His occupations have been varied, as he has been woodsman, guide, lecturer with the Redpath Chautauquas and the Pond Lyceum Bureau; at present is Associate in English at the University of Illinois; his interests include the Speech arts, literary criticism, hunting, fishing, the Canadian woods, Indians (whom he interprets poetically) and frontier folk. Early in the new year, Henry Holt and Co. are bringing out his volume *Many, Many Moons, A Book of Wilderness Poems.* His home is in Champaign, Ill.

The Granite Mountain 28
Beat Against Me No Longer 61

Speyer, Leonora. Was born in Washington, D. C., in 1872, and educated there. Before marriage was a professional violinist, having played with Anton, Seidl, Nikisch, Sir Henry Wood, etc. Has a deep interest in music and poetry. Will publish a volume of her poems in the new year.

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Stearns, Harold Crawford. Was born in Dunkirk, N. Y., Aug. 8, 1890, educated at Phillips Academy and Yale College. Is instructor in English at Phillips Academy. Interests, reading and writing verse, the theatres, golf and motoring. Is the author of *Interludes,* a volume of verse, and has edited *The Andover Book of Graduate Verse,* published this autumn. Home, Andover, Mass.

Reuben Roy 52

Stork, Charles Wharton. Was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 12, 1881, educated at Haverford College, Harvard, University of Pennsylvania, and abroad. Is writer and editor; interested in original poetry and translations of German and Swedish verse, and literary criticism. Has published three volumes of original verse, *Day Dreams of Greece, The Queen of Orplede,* and *Sea and Bay*; has edited *Two Plays of William Rowley* (University of Pennsylvania Publications); contributed a poetic play and fifty-five lyrics to *German Classics;* edited an *Anthology of Swedish Lyrics;* translated the *Selected Poems of Gustaf Froding,*

Lyrics of Hugo von Hoffmansthal and *Selected Poems of Verner von Heidenstam* (Sweden's Laureate).

A Dream of England 112

TEASDALE, SARA. Was born in St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 8, 1884, educated at private schools in St. Louis. Her chief interest is poetry, and her chief occupation is in writing it. In private life she is Mrs. Ernest Filsinger, wife of the author of *Trading in South America.* She is the author of *Helen of Troy and Other Poems, Rivers to the Sea,* which was the first volume to win the Columbia University Prize of $500 for the best book of poems by an American poet. She has also edited *The Answering Voice: One Hundred Love Lyrics by Women.* She lives in New York.

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TORRENCE, RIDGELY. Was born in Xenia, O., educated at Princeton University. Author of *Granny Maumee, and Other Plays.* He lives in New York City.

Invitation 50
Jean Singing 51

UNTERMEYER, LOUIS. Was born in New York City, Oct. 1, 1886, educated in the New York Grammar Schools. Declares himself as "Jeweler, Designer, Factory Superintendent, Reviewer — sometimes a poet," and that his favorite pursuits are "Swimming, Playing Tennis, and the Piano." Author of, in verse, *First Love, Challenge,— And Other Poets* and *These Times;* was one of the contributors to *The Younger Quire,* has translated *Heinrich Heine — 325 Poems,* an anthology of American poets since Whitman for class-room use; and is the author of *The New Era in American Poetry,* a critical discussion of contemporary American poets. He lives in New York City.

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WATTLES, WILLARD. Was born in Baynesville, Kan., June 8, 1888, educated at the University of Kansas, A.B., A.M. Was co-author with Harry Kemp of a volume of verse, *Songs from the Hill,* and editor of *Sunflowers, A Book of Kansas Poems.* A volume of his poems, *Lanterns of Geth-*

semane, was recently published. Is a teacher at the University of Kansas. Home, Lawrence, Kan.

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WHARTON, EDITH. Famous for many novels that have given her a high place in contemporary literature.

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WILKINSON, MARGUERITE. Has achieved distinction as a critic, lately publishing *The New Voices, An Introduction to Contemporary Poetry.* Her contributions in verse to the magazines are well-known. She lives in New York City.

The End 183

WILSON, CAROLYN C.

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WILLIAMS, WILLIAM CARLOS. By profession a physician, who also diagnoses the art of poetry. Is proving himself, in this respect, a very deft surgeon. Has occasionally edited *Others, A Magazine of the New Verse.* Is the author of a volume of poems, *Al Que Quiere.* He lives in New Jersey.

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WOOD, CLEMENT. Was born in Tuscaloosa, Ala., Sept. 1, 1888, educated at the University of Alabama, A.B., '09; Yale, LL.B., '11. A writer and teacher, his interests are in "poetry, tennis, and life." He is the author of two volumes of verse, *Glad of Earth* and *The Earth Turns South,* the latter published this year. He lives in New York City.

The Return 33
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WYNNE, ANNETTE. Was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., educated at New York University and Columbia University. Is a teacher of English literature. Has brought out this autumn *For Days and Days, A Book of Child Verse,* a clever and appealing collection. A volume of her poems

will be published in the New Year and will show that her gifts are not confined to the interpretation of child life. She lives in New York City.

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